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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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New Forms for a New Age

THE passion to write is a passion for form. Sensations from the external world constantly challenge the mind capable of the rhythms of literature. Ships and men, towers and trees, call for transfer—one form to another, a structure of words to represent a structure of atoms. If they are believed to be the objects of material reality which they seem, the problem is of representation only, but when in the familiar shapes of wood or stone or of women or men, the material reality grows tenuous, whether due to supposed mystic perceptions of inner truth, or to a confident dogma, or to the scientist's knowledge that this apparent reality is only a mode imposed upon other modes, why then the problem of form becomes, not harder perhaps, but surely more complex. Nothing can be more difficult than to recreate in words (like the older novelists) a similitude of what life seems like to an unspeculative mind content to see the world in terms of the simple formulas by which society explains itself. But when the formulas begin to seem formulas only, and the substantiality of the human as well as the inanimate begins to be regarded as symbolic or provisional—when a tree is felt as directive life force, and a man as an ego clothed in environment, then new literary forms seem indispensable if the present is to get itself into words. The subtleties of the old descriptive writing no longer seem subtle enough. To transfer a breathing, speaking woman to a line of poetic dialogue is still an achievement, yet one that is irrelevant to the new problem, which is to find a form for new thoughts about essential feminism which even though imperfect and mirroring the apparent reality of the woman no better than a ruffled lake, yet does hold in its structure of expression a novelty of insight.

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The Empire State Building in sun and haze rises to take the morning like Tennyson's silver horns, but as the mist blows about its high shaft lifting white lines into a gray infinity, brick and steel and glass begin to be illusion, material things too weak to express tension and thrust and soar, and, swept clear of cloud, serene and golden, and then again stemming the gray vapors, the tower seems more beautiful and therefore more important than those who built it, demanding new figures, fresh words, a form reconceived to express a mechanism sprung to life.

We should have patience with the writers of these decades which many wise in such matters believe to be the first age of a modern world now first fully born from the parturition of the nineteenth century. They began by trying to be honest in transferring into words the life of a new society of Ford-running, factory-bred multitudes which eluded any literary form that did more than represent their activities. So numerous were the contacts, so infinite was the trivial experience of the restless masses, that their inner life was hid from observation, and novelists, and even poets and dramatists, spent their energies upon faithful, detailed, frank, interminable, ugly, and often boresome description. The naturalists, as criticism will call them, were like detectives misled by too much evidence. They exhausted their talents upon behavior.

And now the more sensitive among modern writers begin to feel that new forms are the first necessity. A knowledge of the transcience of matter, or a relapse into earlier mysticisms, brings a quick sea change in the world which seemed so familiar. Form concerns them most (as notably in poetry) and they spend their energy in the devising of traps for the new realities they seem to glimpse. Little is left for beauty, least of all with the novelists who have plunged into the stream of consciousness searching for a new coherence. Form for the moment is self-conscious and metaphysical. Yet this labor is not wasted, although even with such leaders as Eliot, or Joyce, the results have an interest more intellectual than emotional, more an exposition than an art. It is neither pedantry nor eccentricity. These writers feel a vital need, even though, to laymen, their response is often unintelligible, and can not yet be reckoned a success. If form is a passion with them, and not merely an obsession, they will win through.

Breath

By IDELLA PURNELL

THE rising warmth that in the throat
Is formed by singers to a note
Of rounded beauty; this thin spring
Of breath that is the spirit's wing;
This invisible, fine ridge
We lift between us for a bridge—
This puny breath is all that saves
Our heavy bodies from their graves;
Our speech is but a slender thread
To bind the living from the dead.
We who are life's most loosened fringe
Are linked by breath, that vital hinge
Between ourselves and the round world
With air and air about it curled.
What is our portion, what our share
Of the world's wealth of wasted air?
As much as can employ our lungs
Or turn to music on our tongues,
As much as we can take and give
The little while we have to live.
No virtue in our bodies lies,
In our hands or lips or eyes,
For they will crumble to decay.
Only the air we give away,
Only this narrow air we form
Can chill our souls or keep them warm.

This Week

"Death and Taxes."
Reviewed by HENRY S. CANBY.

"Stalin."
Reviewed by SHERWOOD EDDY.

"England's Crisis."
Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI.

"Our American Music."
Reviewed by CARL ENGEL.

"Death of Simon."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"Reason and Nature."
Reviewed by WILLIAM H. SHELDON.

Rain on the Roof.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Pegasus Perplexing: A Prize Contest.

Next Week, or Later

The World of Henry James.
By DESMOND MACCARTHY.

A Worm's-Eye View

By JOHN CORBIN
Author of "An American at Oxford"

IN his biography of Charles W. Eliot,* Mr. Henry James professes only "to paint a portrait" of the man; but he harbors a wish that those who are "primarily concerned with the history of institutions and ideas" may find that portrait of interest. As such a one, I hope I may say that I find it supremely of interest—first because it seems an artistic achievement quite worthy of the author's avuncular namesake and then because it sheds a most welcome light upon what has been, and perhaps remains, a worm's eye view of Eliot as protagonist of the elective system. More than ever (if that is possible) I am convinced of the magnitude of the service he rendered by broadening the field of instruction in American universities and by establishing the liberal spirit and the scientific method; and more than ever, without any *if*, I am convinced that the means which he took to this end were, temporarily at least, destructive of those disciplinary and cultural values which for many centuries have been, instinctively or consciously, the thing chiefly prized in Anglo-American education. As A. S. Hill said of the speech of welcome to Prince Henry of Prussia, Eliot "froze to the occasion." Progress since his time has consisted solely in thawing the icy bonds of his professedly free system of education.

* * *

Eliot's chief aims were only two, though he expressed them with varied and compelling eloquence. All necessary knowledge had been thought to be contained in the pint-pot of the rigid old curriculum: he would broaden the scope of the university until it offered a free choice among all sorts and conditions of learning. The prime purpose of instruction had been thought to be to give the mind a general training and to deepen its sympathies: he would make its prime purpose a strict cultivation of the scientific method and spirit. That his reforms were destructive of an ancient and very dear tradition was only too evident; even he was not able to make them systematic and complete; but nothing in Mr. James's most candid and critically sympathetic portrait shows a realization of a fact scarcely less patent, that these two aims were mutually antagonistic and in fact mutually destructive. Like Bacon, the university took all learning for its province—but only on condition that the approach to each subject should be rigidly scientific as opposed to cultural. A boy in his nineteenth year was given all liberty to choose his field of study and arrange his courses—subject, however, to the fact that the courses of instruction were so many and so fragmentary that it was not possible to compose those "elected" into a systematic and organic whole.

Long before Eliot's prime, the working of this paradox was absurdly manifest to all who could and would see; but the experiences of the present deponent worm date from the early nineties, in the third decade of his presidency. I had gone to Harvard primarily to study Shakespeare and the Elizabethan drama; courses were offered by Francis J. Child, Barrett Wendell, and George Pierce Baker. My chief interest was (and still is) in dramatic poetry and its stage production. That was also, as it happens, the chief interest of Shakespeare and his fellows; but at Harvard such things were under a cloud. The cloud was the blessed "scientific spirit." Wendell and Baker, who taught what I wanted to know, were allowed each a bare half course, which could not in any way be augmented. And before

* LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES W. ELIOT. Houghton Mifflin.

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taking them the student was required to take a course under Child, in which five plays were minutely philologized, not the least attention being paid to either poetry or drama. And this course the student was advised by the college catalogue to repeat, microscopically examining five more plays before inquiring what they were all about. In my own case the only hardship was an undesired (and, I still think, undesirable) emphasis upon words, words, words. Yet it is obvious that the boast of free election was a mockery.

It fared otherwise with a vast majority of the class. They were young men who wanted to know who and what was Shakespeare, and who had perhaps a just reverence for Child's character as a humanist. Their success may be illustrated by an incident that occured while doing "King Lear." Child had a list of the class and was accustomed to call on us to read and philologize in alphabetic order. When anyone answered "Unprepared," his kindly brick-dust face expressed a deep sorrow, unquestionably sincere. Feeling this, many a gentlemanly undergraduate ducked behind the man in front and said nothing, preferring to have an absence scored against him. On this occasion four men, seated beneath his very nose, took the silent treatment. One after another Child had looked hopefully into their faces over the rims of his spectacles, only to have his hopes dashed. The fifth was a worthy grind who had a stentorian voice and a turn for histrionics. He fairly bellowed, "Then shall you go no further!" There was, of course, a general titter. But the worthy grind was unperturbed, and went on,

> It is the cowish terror of his spirit
> That dares not undertake!

There was a general laugh, amid which the face of Stubby Child twitched dangerously. But the grind went right on:

> He'll not feel wrongs which tie him to an answer!

At this the lid was off, and there was a universal roar.

It may be, as Eliot was wont to assert, that a youth in his nineteenth year who is worth his academic salt will know what courses are best for him; but it seems fairly obvious that he could not always elect them. Dozens of men who slid through Child's course or were dropped would have been keenly interested in any vital reading of those five plays—and in the mean time might well have learned far more of essential philology.

It will be noted that the proud aim of *Lernfreiheit* with which Eliot had begun had by this time been so modified that attendance was recorded; Dean Briggs was, in fact, most exigent on the subject. In the heyday of student freedom it had been found that a considerable portion of the undergraduates varied the sloppy discomfort of a Cambridge winter by trips to Bermuda or to the ice carnival at Montreal. This the Board of Overseers, imperfectly Germanized, simply would not stand. Attendance was, in fact, made the means of insuring not only that students remain in Cambridge but that they be out of bed betimes. There were still a few courses in general culture and they were widely popular; so they were scheduled for the first hour, nine o'clock. It was even said that they were made easy to pass so as to lure the nocturnal sport. This was the case with Charles Eliot Norton's courses in Ancient Art and Medieval Art. While the most distinguished humanist of his time discoursed of Phidias and Michael Angelo a large proportion of his hearers held the morning paper against the back of the man in front or continued their waking naps. How much of the acerbity of Norton's strictures upon the American mind and character resulted from this fact one can only conjecture. But it was obvious enough that both Child and Norton, though in different ways, suffered deeply, as men and as teachers, from the conflict between Eliot's doctrine of the primacy of the scientific method and the very different educational instincts of the American university. One might elect their courses, but by no human possibility could the ordinary undergraduate get at the best they were so able and eager to offer. That was reserved for students of advanced courses, placed out of the reach of anyone except specialists.

The proffer of free election was rendered even more illusory by a difficulty merely mechanical. The courses offered were so numerous that to take them all would require almost two hundred years; but the possible number of lecture hours was, of course, limited. One had often to choose among three or four dearly desired courses, all of which were given at the same hours. Not infrequently no desirable course was available at the hours which the student had free. In my senior year while concentrating on Elizabethan English I found myself unable to take many courses of great value to me and obliged instead to take a course on banking and currency as the least unprofitable. It was a graduate course for which I had no proper preparation and from which I was barred by the rules of the department of economics; but my predicament was so clear that I got a dispensation from the Dean. Then and there I learned the distinction between a liberal education and a thing of shreds and patches, between free election and a Barmecide feast.

Under such circumstances, the evils of instruction in large courses were multiplied—uninspired "lectures" totally void of the personal touch. On one occasion, having been appalled by the dulness of the lecturer, I sought the aid of a man in much disrepute as a cram tutor. He could give me only the twilight hour of his daily "grind" in the suburbs; yet he was a really brilliant teacher and mainly as the result of three perambulations, I got an "A" in the course. I do not think the case at all exceptional. In the course in currency and banking, my seat was at the end of a circular row under Professor Dunbar's elbow. As I had already attended four lectures that day, followed by only half an hour for lunch, and as I was nowise interested in the subject, I usually fell asleep. Not until three days before the examination did I realize the plight I was in. A cram tutor was offering a course of five hours, of which one half had already been given. I took the remaining two hours and a half, studied the notes of a more provident friend, and again got an "A." Short of advanced small courses mainly for graduates, I did not find anywhere at Harvard such excellent teaching as that of these two mercenaries. Now really, how elective was, or is, the elective system?

Upon college administration, the cultural importance of which can scarcely be exaggerated, the evil influence of the American system is as great. As to the propriety of converting the lectures of such men as Child and Norton into engines of parietal discipline I need say no more. If there was any excuse for it, it lay in the fact that all other means to that end were futile in the extreme. On returning from Oxford I became Barrett Wendell's assistant in his composition course. I read the themes of one hundred and fifteen men and met them in conference each week. Other contacts I had none. As proctor of a college hall I was responsible for some forty more. To help freshmen choose electives, a board of advisers had lately been established; and, being eager in the cause, I took on twenty-five unfortunates. With these hundred and sixty-five men I had no casual and extra-official contact. When I asked them to my rooms for coffee and cigarettes, as I faithfully did at first, hoping to gain their friendly confidence, they took my invitation as if it were a summons from the Dean—the only form of contact with those placed over them of which they had any experience. Finding that my purpose was not disciplinary, they could hardly make a decent stay before joyously scooting. Under Eliot's régime, no financial allowance was made for such service. Not to mention the expense of time, the cost of coffee and tobacco was by no means trifling in its relation to a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars. Millions were spent on laboratories and on the multiplication of advanced professorships, but the time and expense of human relationships received little thought and absolutely no consideration.

In the light of all this, Mr. James's most subtle and amusing portrayal of Eliot's mental processes has indeed a primary concern with regard to "the history of institutions and ideas." When the President was first confronted with the problem of the disposal of old safety-razor blades, his secretary cited Irving Cobb's remark that the problem had seemed to him insoluble until he saw the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The President replied austerely that that would be the worst possible place to throw them. Imaginative if you will, but singularly without the flexible point of view and the human touch! Eliot was deeply shocked that a baseball pitcher should make a feint of pitching in order to catch a runner out at first, deeply shocked that a football captain should center his attack on the weak point of the opposing line instead of ramming the chivalrous heads of his team against the solidest spot. Informed that Harvard rooters sang a song that ended "Down with Yale!" he quite seriously proposed an emendation: "Three cheers for Harvard and *one* for Yale!" As a chemist, he was scandalized by a colleague who did not know the difference between chloride of lime and calcium chloride; but with regard to his own knowledge of human nature his complacency was such that he smiled in benign delight when his grandchildren danced on the lawn derisively singing, "Three cheers for Harvard and one for Yale."

The effect of his doctrinary and inflexible ideal upon the spirit of the college was evident in a thousand ways—not all of them entirely tragic. Having made a lecture tour intended to increase the number of students from the West, he returned with the light of a great discovery beaming from his clear and eloquent eyes. In those benighted States, the fact that Harvard had been the home of Emerson and Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, was one of its great attractions, a positive asset in recruiting larger and larger freshman classes! He exhorted us all to be mindful of our literary heritage. But Child and Norton continued to be used in lieu of the pedagogic birch. His discovery of the cultural value of the Yard, ancient and beautiful center of undergraduate life, was even more tardy. There were no baths in the oldest and most popular dormitories and Eliot refused to instal them, his reason being that the room-rents, having been fixed in the day of dear money, were too low to cover the expense and still yield a fair income to the University. So a student migration began to the luxurious new dormitories of the Gold Coast, which had been built by commercial enterprise. Year after year, rooms in Hollis, Stoughton, and even Holworthy, stood empty. Then Eliot put in baths and exhorted all patriotic undergraduates to assist in restoring the Yard as a nursery and center of the Harvard tradition. As to the importance in undergraduate life of a well-organized and truly representative system of clubs, he showed not the slightest comprehension. The Harvard clubs have always been among the most distinguished and enjoyable to be found anywhere—and also the most deleterious to the social life of the college as a whole.

In holding Eliot responsible for all phases of the nineteenth-century reform in education I am merely following Mr. James—who, while recognizing that Eliot did not originate it, that he was not himself a scientist of note, and that even without him the progress of American education must in the end have been very much what it has been, yet regards him candidly as protagonist no less of its errors than of its great achievements. It is, however, becoming more and more apparent that he was first among many equals. The fact that the elective system has so long survived him is evidence that a dominant majority at all of our universities have been as blind to its shortcomings as he was. That Norton resented having his popular courses perverted to the uses of college discipline I feel tolerably certain; but I was never quite sure that Child would have favored any approach to Shakespeare except by the thorny path of philology.

Before the end of the old century, however, voices were raised in protest and presently a group was formed for the express purpose of restoring the human touch and of reorganizing both teaching and discipline. I well remember being upbraided by Lawrence Lowell, during the last year of Eliot's presidency, for running on much as I am doing now. He could not have been very serious, for in the discussion that followed he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, you have to admit that, under Eliot, it has ceased to be possible at Harvard to get a liberal education"—a judgment which he repeated, in terms only a little more diplomatic, in his inaugural address.

Lowell has done his best to introduce tutorial instruction, to make possible an orderly and consistent course of study, to grant an honor degree only as result of a comprehensive general examination—and in general to make a liberal education compatible with the vastly increased scope of knowledge and with all that is best in the scientific method and spirit. The reform is an adaptation, though far from being an adoption, of methods long used in England. To complete it requires an adaptation of the English system of residence in discreet units—"houses" each with its own dons and its dining hall. This has been made possible by the enlightened generosity of a Yale man. That, certainly is *one for Yale.* Mr. Harkness's gift was accepted only after strenuous opposition from the old guard. But the houses are in being and the system bids fair to be as widely welcomed among sister universities as was the elective system of old. It need hardly be said that mere brick and mortar will effect no revolution. If it is again to become possible to achieve a liberal education, one and all must thaw to the occasion.

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Belle Dame sans Merci

DEATH AND TAXES. By DOROTHY PARKER. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE times are choked and cluttered with disillusion—a sticky disillusion, an adolescent petulance, solemn and unreasonable, that pours itself out in dull, formless novels dealing with ugly people who should have been stepped upon at birth, if indeed they were really as mudgy and disagreeable as the writers make them out—which is most improbable. We are blared at and saxaphoned by a tinny sophistication that means nothing, and is nothing but the restlessness of smart people who think they are not appreciated, or the shallow bawdry of children educated beyond their characters. Cynicism leaves the sincerity of a tub for the suspicious publicity of a night club, and a "hard" generation patronizes in the comic strips cruel jokes and a sentimental Tarzan using bad medieval English, without a breath's pause between.

We look for a bitterness that can still be gay, and a witty sorrow, and a disillusion that can thumb its nose at the old one who makes lives "gang agley," and find little salt of that savor in contemporary prose, but some, thank heaven! still in poetry. In verse of a Horatian lightness, with an exquisite certainty of technique, which, like the lustre on a Persian bowl, is proof that civilization is itself a philosophy, Dorothy Parker is writing poetry deserving high praise. If I compare her to Horace and Martial I do so largely, since I am no Latinist, and can better describe the perfection of her admirable lyrics by a comparison with that almost forgotten humorist, Thomas Hood, who had a gift of beauty second only to his contemporary, Keats, and yet could twist a stanza into laughter with one deft, inimitable line. Hood was a romantic, and when in his vein of sentiment was too much the slave of his mood to lift out into wit. He wrote one of Dorothy Parker's finest poems ("Requiescat") in an epigram—the same figure, the same twist, but all made into farce. And in his serious poems, the last line, in which Mrs. Parker stabs sorrow with a jest, is to be found not in the verse but in the pathetic commentaries of his letters. Dorothy Parker has, it seems to me, perfected his art—

Drink and dance and laugh and lie,
Love, the reeling midnight through,
For tomorrow we shall die!
(But, alas, we never do.)

This is slight; her powers are better expressed in "The Evening Primrose"

You know the bloom, unearthly white,
That none has seen by morning light—
The tender moon alone, may bare
Its beauty to the secret air.
Who'd venture past its dark retreat
Must kneel, for holy things and sweet.
That blossom, mystically blown,
No man may gather for his own
Nor touch it, lest it droop and fall. . . .
Oh, I am not like that at all!

A lesser humorist would have overstressed the virginal beauty, a lesser poet would have failed to make the last line poignant as well as pungent.

We are easily thrown off by lightness and good humor, for pain and a burning heart may be taken, that way, in homeopathic doses. The river of criticism rolls muddy and splashing about difficult metaphysical poetry which grunts and wheezes unintelligibilities, like a Chinese poet speaking through the mouth of a hippopotamus, while we forget the perfect poems, so lucid as to seem simple, so simple in theme as to seem obvious, yet with three quarters of what matters packed in their lines—

Ah, what avails the sceptered race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Or, to go back to Hood—

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend alone the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore:
It would have been a beauteous dream—
If it had been no more!

Yet I suspect that one should quote Latin rather than English to parallel the edged fineness of Dorothy Parker's verse. This belle dame sans merci has the ruthlessness of the great tragic lyricists whose work was allegorized in the fable of the nightingale singing with her breast against a thorn. It is disillusion recollected in tranquillity where the imagination has at last controlled the emotions. It comes out clear, and with the authentic sparkle of a great vintage. I attempt no real criticism here, but I do assert that these poems deserve criticism and appraisal far more than many much bewritten books of more pretentious cerebration, yet with less beauty of technique and far less depth of emotion. She writes of violets—

You are brief and frail and blue—
Little sisters, I am, too.
You are heaven's masterpieces—
Little loves, the likeness ceases.

But there is no frailty in her poetry, and its brevity is in space not in time.

DOROTHY PARKER

Russia's Strong Man

STALIN. By ISAAC DON LEVINE. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by SHERWOOD EDDY
Author of "The Challenge of Russia"

OF the more than fifty books a year on Russia now published in America—strangely enough more than have been published in any country in the world except Japan—this life of Stalin by Mr. Levine will make a unique contribution. The book is well written. The author has been indefatigable in gathering his facts; indeed one wonders where he got them all. He seems to write impartially unless it is in the controversy between Trotsky and Stalin, when he seems somewhat to side against Stalin. We can but wonder whether the picture is quite as sordid as he makes it.

We have here the first clear and complete account of the life of Stalin, and we see plainly the psychological explanation of his character in thirty long years of danger, hunted and hounded by police spies, arrested, exiled, and imprisoned again and again.

We see in this book clearly laid bare the secret of his power as a political boss; sole master of a machine which he has personally built up for himself under the patronage and control of a shrewd politician. We see here also the danger of an oppressive tyranny and the stifling of free expression and spontaneous development for multitudes who may not be in agreement with the political boss or may never have any accessibility to political power. In a word we see the danger of what approaches a one man dictatorship.

The life of Stalin falls into three periods. The first is the heroic period where the young man Djugashvili, the Asiatic, Caucasian shoemaker, quickly is expelled, at the age of eighteen, from the theological seminary of the intolerant Orthodox Church as a revolutionary student of Marx. Rejected from the priesthood, he is to become the high priest of the Communist party. For the next twenty years he is a young revolutionary. He becomes the follower of Lenin and the chief Bolshevik leader in the Caucasus. During two decades in prison, in exile, and as an intellectual organizer of the laboring masses he operates under a series of aliases, the last of which, "Stalin," is true to his character as "the man of steel." Never original, but accepting the intellectual leadership of Lenin, he emerges after three years in exile as a seasoned and hardened worker, with clarity, accuracy, limitless personal sacrifice, never seeking the limelight, always content to plan and organize the inner political machine that was first to overthrow and then to rule Russia. Indeed he became the master organizer of Russia.

Lenin planned, Stalin organized, Trotsky dramatized the revolution, built up the army, and appealed to the masses. These were the three great men that the revolution produced. Stalin was Lenin's plenipotentiary and executive. With Lenin he built up the centralized political machine including the G. P. U., or secret police, that was to give him more far reaching power than that of Peter the Great, or Ivan the Terrible. Never the theatric Mussolini, nor the spectacular Napoleon, he became rather the Tammany boss of the Communist party, behind the scenes of the Russian Government and of the Third International.

During the second period of obscurity Stalin remained the lonely exile for the last few years of the monarchy. He became morose and irritable, spending his time in silence, or in hunting and fishing.

When Lenin took command of the revolution Stalin became one of the three directing secretaries and a dominant member for two decades of the Central Committee. As Lenin broke under two successive strokes, Stalin gained complete control of the whole political machinery of the party. There came the inevitable break between the much more brilliant, dangerous, vain and ambitious Trotsky and the silent, political genius, Stalin. With all his greater power Trotsky was no match for Stalin as a politician. He first broke, then banished and exiled the opposition of Trotsky and several thousand of his followers on the left, including the big three—Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamemev. Later he broke the opposition of the big three on the right, Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsky. By patronage, by appointment of the men in key positions, by the control of the three secretaries general, the inner Political Bureau of nine members, and the score of leaders in the different executive and legislative bodies, and always with his ear to the ground in touch with the peasants, workers, and the common people, Stalin dominates the whole political machinery of Russia, always proposing the policy that seems best for the masses.

Stalin is blunt, rough, crude, courageous, widely read, poised, shrewd, and assured. He does not regard himself as a dictator, but as the voice of the multitude. He lives like an ascetic and works like a giant. With all Russia he is the victim of the strangling centralized bureaucracy which he has built up. At the age of fifty-one he is a dynamo of energy. He occupies only a small two-room apartment, in the Kremlin. With plain food, no luxuries, no vices, he works from sixteen to eighteen hours a day. With a keen, cynical sense of humor, yet with a puritanical ascetism and a bias for modesty and virtue in his family circle, women, gambling, and dissipation, have no place in his life. A social idealist, he had an Asiatic, ruthless, realistic outlook. Always he has been the shrewd manipulator and organizer through the terrific tempo of his five year plan. He keeps himself and all Russia strained to the breaking point, willingly undergoing hardship, guiding all by the control of a unified, single machine, this plan of the whole that would seek to dominate the one-hundred and sixty millions of Russians, and in time the workers of the world. Such is the life of this interesting man; and it is well told by Mr. Levine.

According to an Oslo correspondent of the London *Observer*, it has hitherto been believed that Henrik Ibsen left no diaries or other documents to throw light upon his private life and production. It now appears, however, that his daughter-in-law, Fru Bergljot Ibsen, daughter of his contemporary Björnson, and married to his only son, the late minister Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, has in her possession a valuable collection of letters and other documents. The letters are from Henrik Ibsen to his wife and his son, but the majority of them are of such a private nature that Fru Ibsen doubts whether they should be published. Henrik Ibsen's widow destroyed all letters from her husband before she died, in fulfilment of her husband's wish. Among the documents left are loose leaves on which Ibsen has written down his ideas of the characters in the dramas which he was preparing. Fru Ibsen will probably hand the diaries to Professor Halvdan Koth, a Norwegian student of Ibsen and the editor of the centenary edition of his works in 1928.

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Siegfried Looks at England

ENGLAND'S CRISIS. By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI

IT is wholly unnecessary to say that, like everything that M. Siegfried writes, this book has pungency, a good deal of insight, and considerable power of skilful generalization. But, like most of M. Siegfried's other books, it suffers from his determination to reduce at all costs a great body of complex facts into a few sweeping generalizations. The result is that while a good deal of what he has to say is not only true, but most effectively said, its sins of omission are too serious to make it an adequate picture of the problems it seeks to depict.

M. Siegfried's strength lies in his power of social observation. Much of what he says, for example, of the habits of English industrial direction is at once just and courageous. His attack on its inefficiency, its nepotism, its failure widely to adjust itself to new conditions, is put with the acid sharpness M. Siegfried knows so well how to employ. For this part alone, the book is worth reading.

But there is much upon which M. Siegfried dwells where he seems to me to know less than nothing. He has swallowed wholesale the journalist's picture (is this the effect of two month's magic at All Souls'?) of the English worker as morally ruined by the "dole." There is no real evidence to support that view; on the contrary, most of the material printed by the Minister of Labor is solidly on the other side. He seems to assume that the redistribution of the national wealth which has taken place since the war is proof that England is going to the dogs. There is, in fact, throughout his pages an animus against the working-class which I find unintelligible in a man so distinguished. And not less singular is his constant habit of testing the adequacy of English ways by an unconscious French standard. The Englishman's love of leisure, his regard for politics, his refusal to devaluate the currency, all of these are made into a jeremiad which, for me, amounts in sum total to no more than the fact that M. Siegfried, quite naturally, would rather be a Frenchman than an Englishman. I well understand that. But a man who wants to make a serious social analysis must be aware of his own presuppositions.

* * *

I agree wholly with M. Siegfried that the economic position of England is serious; though I add that the gloom of his own portrait renders the optimistic note on which he ends without a shadow of justification. But the evidence on which he bases his thesis is curiously unsatisfactory. His statistics are not only partial, they are rarely complete, and they are not always accurate or fair; on p. 70, for instance, he says that the worker was better off in 1914 than in 1900. Professor Bowley, from whom the argument about the post-war years is taken, adopts a very different view about the earlier period. Again, M. Siegfried gives a quite wrong view about the struggle in the cotton industry; the dispute is not about the introduction of the automatic loom, but the rates to be paid for their operation. Everywhere, in fact, M. Siegfried seems to me to have selected the easy and obvious material which came to his hand. I doubt whether he talked to anyone who did not possess, if not the Curzon manner, at least the Oxford temper. There is a Trade Union Congress at Westminster; there is Sir Walter Layton, Mr. Tawney, Mr. Cole, Professor Robbins, Mr. D. H. Robertson. I do not see in his analysis any signs that he has checked his work by discussion with them.

The reality of the British crisis needs no emphasis. But I think most of the elements which are essential to recovery are not discussed by M. Siegfried at all. It is only partially a merely national crisis; not the greatest degree of internal reconstruction would enable Great Britain to recover her pre-war position. In part, I suggest, the explanation lies also in the international situation; here it would be an interesting, if delicate, inquiry whether Great Britain is in fact as prejudiced as America. The truth is that no nation living by its exports can possibly weather the storm of economic nationalism through which we are passing. In part, also, though M. Siegfried does not allude to this, we are witnessing a decay of the foundations of capitalism the significance of which cannot be exaggerated. On capitalist assumptions, of course, the easy road for Great Britain is to reduce the level of wages, but capitalist assumptions are losing their hold on Great Britain. Here, and in the international aspect, are the two great sources of British difficulty. To me, at least, M. Siegfried does not deal adequately with either.

It was once said by the great historian Maitland that the demand for simplicity has played havoc with political philosophy. The same seems to me true of that social economic world in which M. Siegfried dwells. Just as he painted an America false because there are at least half a dozen Americans he did not paint, so the England he sees is a very partial glimpse of a much more intricate reality. The reader who wants to understand the problem must still go to Dibelius for its essential exposition. The portrait is, perhaps, less brilliant; but it has about it the solid air of unmistakable veracity.

Music in the United States

OUR AMERICAN MUSIC. By JOHN TASKER HOWARD. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1931. $6.

Reviewed by CARL ENGEL

HOW often, in the past, has it not foolishly been said that America, meaning these United States, had no music of its own? We have learned to know better. If any doubting Thomases are left, let them read and ponder Mr. John Tasker Howard's "Our American Music." It represents an enormous labor, clearly accomplished with love. It affords a panoramic view crowded with incidents and figures.

When the learned Briton, Henry Davey, wrote his detailed "History of English Music," he set off with the categorical statement that "The art of musical composition is an English invention"—referring, of course, to John Dunstable and his first works, written about the year 1400, which raised music to the rank of a structural art. Mr. Davey covered more than five centuries of English music, and covered them quite adequately, in a little less than five hundred pages. Mr. Howard needs a little more than seven hundred pages to tell us about the three hundred years of American music. And even so the author admits that his account may be found "incomplete in many respects." Yet he goes at his task bravely, beginning at the beginning, with the early settlers of New England and their dreary psalmody; and he leads the plodding reader abreast with the vanguard of our native or imported modernists, takes him right up to the jazz-hounds of our own giddy day of depression and the russo-ebreo denizens of tin-pan alley.

Mr. Howard's bulky compilation will be found useful by many. In style it wavers alternately between the flow of an alluring narrative and the forbidding dryness of a biographical dictionary. It abounds in handy references. It is a library tool and a class book. Not the least valuable part of it consists in an attempt at furnishing a bibliography of what has been written—in English—on American music and music in America. Though patently not exhaustive, this long and elaborate list gives a good idea of the amount of books and magazine articles relating to the subject. It is a truly impressive array. And it explains, in a measure, why the author found it necessary to grow so luxuriant.

In acknowledging, as regards America's early musical history, his indebtedness to the basic researches of the late O. G. Sonneck, Mr. Howard pays but just and handsome tribute to a peerless pioneer. When the author comes to the early part of the eighteenth century, he strides out more independently. Here he explored, with profit, records hitherto not sufficiently probed. It is natural and pardonable that the zest of walking untrodden paths has sometimes led Mr. Howard into rambles along by-lanes which do not always seem as secure as they are inviting.

Mr. Howard often discusses some phase of American music or some particular musician with thoughful and sympathetic consideration. He occasionally draws thumbnail sketches full of life. He has at heart what is called "the case of the American composer," that is, especially the contemporary composer. Yet here the book unfortunately, though perhaps unavoidably—because of a disproportionate expansiveness in other places—degenerates into a sort of perfunctory catalogue. The author was obviously at pains to omit or slight no one. Nevertheless, the very heaping of name upon name in a grand and final spurt, gives the effect of a bewildering musical plethora. And we are brought to the realization that the American composers—even though, unlike their British cousins, they cannot claim to have invented musical composition—are developing in sufficient number and excellence to raise strong hopes that from among them will emerge our American Byrd, our Morley, and Purcell.

Real and Unreal

DEATH OF SIMON. By BORIS SOKOLOFF. New York: Logos Publishing Co. 1931.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

BORIS SOKOLOFF is a Russian biologist who also writes. His "Crime of Dr. Garine," a collection of short stories, appeared a few years ago while he was associated with the Rockefeller Institute in New York. Before coming to this country, he had been a member of the Institute of Science in St. Petersburg and had had experience as an experimental biologist. To his experiments in fiction, therefore, he brings a scientific point of view and a knowledge esoteric to the average reader or writer.

This curious knowledge, and the cold, analytic gaze which accompanies it, inevitably intrigues. I am not sure that they do not make Mr. Sokoloff's work seem more profound than it really is—not certain, that is to say, just how much the reader's tendency to read into his narrative significances beyond those of the everyday novel is based on the actual presence of such significance and how much it may be explained by the author's peculiarities of style and his somewhat obscure manner of telling his story.

His purpose, as I understand it, in "Death of Simon" is to make a study, in fictional form, of a certain type of divided personality, of a man suffering from a disturbance of the endrocrine glands. In Dr. Simon, the thyroid and suprarenal glands are functioning abnormally. He is extremely sensitive, nervous, emotional; acutely impressionable, and seems to see, in visions, what has been stamped on his subconscious mind. In actual life, he inclines to avoid the crowd and the commoner emotions, and to lose himself in an austere world, peopled with flowers, the chiming of church bells, and beautiful dreams. He is of the type of the religious visionary. To remain in this more or less dream world, he inclines to suppress sex and the more earthy instincts, a suppression which only heightens the sensitiveness of the other side of his personality.

In the story he commits a murder—as the law conventionally interprets the facts of the victim's death—and part of the author's purpose is to show that the supposed criminal in such a case may be morally guiltless; that he should be cured rather than punished. There are, moreover, two women, who embody what might be called Dr. Simon's notion of "sacred" and "profane" love. I find Mr. Sokoloff's handling of these two women a little difficult to follow, but as I understand the story, Dr. Simon's final discovery of a safe harbor in Gertrude's arms is intended to show the return of his tortured personality to a normal balance; to a humanity which recognizes and accepts the so-called "baser" instincts, understands, and forgives. Dr. Simon's "death," as I understand it, is the death of that overwrought and unbalanced personality which he had cultivated during the earlier years of his life.

There is a suggestion of Dostoievsky in Mr. Sokoloff's work—not in manner or in narrative skill—but in the type of human being considered. What Mr. Sokoloff does, in effect, is to take such a character as Dostoievsky might have written about and endeavor to analyze it, in fictional form, from the modern biologist's point of view. His story is not altogether easy to read—the narrative jumps about, this way and that, is full of curious elisions. But it is, nevertheless, peculiarly interesting, and becomes the more so on second reading.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Disciplined Reason

REASON AND NATURE. By MORRIS R. COHEN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. SHELDON
Yale University

THOSE who try to follow the latest developments in science, the newest ideas in morals, the changing conceptions of religion, have their work cut out for them today. The elder vainly long for the clear science and fixed morality of fifty years ago, the younger too eagerly swallow the nostrum of one school or another. The great need is for the trained judgment which accepts no new panaceas and advocates no return to the old but sifts, discriminates, finds the old principle in the new and adjusts it better. This need—such is Professor Cohen's message—is to be met only by the cultivated reason, disciplined in science, logic, and philosophy. It is to this disciplined reason that we owe our civilization: the reason that seeks knowledge for its own sake.

What gives the book its special importance and distinction is the author's way of treating reason, and applying his treatment to current questions in religion, science, art, politics, ethics, law; for he probes deeply into all of these in this large work. Right reason is defined by the principle of polarity. This principle states that in all the great questions there are just two sides; either side alone is wrong, the true answer being that synthesis which gives fullest measure to each. A simple lesson indeed; but the application of it is at once the most difficult and most blessed thing in the world. There is no doubt that we used such a principle to correct the excesses of bad thinking, whether in a scientific materialist, a Christian sectarian, a communist, or other extreme partisan; the principle of polarity is the principle of balance and sanity. He illustrates it by the scissors which need two blades to cut; he might have referred also to the two sexes, to the nucleus and cytoplasm in the living cell, or the positive and negative electricity whose balance makes up the matter of the world. But the book is not written to set forth a system of metaphysics even if it contains hints at a system. Its purport is the proper conduct of reason; and for the most part the writer restricts himself to showing up the one-sidedness in certain current schools of philosophy and science. The reader might feel inclined to criticize the book, indeed, for its lack of decisive answer to some of the fundamental issues. But Professor Cohen has (somewhat overmodestly) disarmed the objection:

> To those who labor under the necessity of passing judgment on this book in terms of current values, I suggest the following:
>
> The author seems out of touch with everything modern and useful, and yet makes no whole-hearted plea for the old. He believes in chance and spontaneity in physics, and law and mechanism in life. He has no respect for *experience, induction, the dynamic, evolution, progress, behaviorism,* and *psychoanalysis,* and does not line up with either the orthodox or the revolutionary party in politics morals, or religion, though he writes on these themes.
>
> But to the thoughtful reader I can offer as a preliminary only the expression of my profound faith in philosophy itself.

Thus the book is an admonition to the half-thinkers whose number, owing to popular education, is greater today than ever before. It teaches to these a respect for science, not based on the utility of airplanes and chemical dyes but on its conscientiousness and reasonableness. Against the undue worship of change and progress, the irrationalism of James or the intuitionism of Bergson, he points out the constancy of principles in science and morals. Against those who extol religious faith and cry down reason he reminds us that the Catholic Church has condemned Fideism. To those who declare that arguments count for little against the heart's needs, he reads the lesson of history that in the long run reason is the one thing that does count. "You cannot both distrust logic and claim logical cogency for your own (fallacious) arguments."

All this is treated with patience and care in a detailed investigation of the methods and concepts of physics, biology, mathematics, psychology, history, law, ethics. It is naturally impossible for a brief review to do justice to the vast scholarship and at the same time the logical acumen displayed in these chapters: but we cannot forbear to emphasize the rarity of the combination.

Altogether a very important work, which the philosopher will read with much pleasure and profit; and which is so well and clearly written that the layman may with but slight trouble do the same.

Saturday Review Charade Contest

WITH its present issue, the *Saturday Review* inaugurates a charade contest. Each week throughout the summer it will publish two charades by that past master of the art of riddling, Dean Le Baron Russell Briggs, and at the conclusion of that period will award a prize in accordance with the rules printed below to each of the hundred highest scores obtained by entrants in the competition.

It may, perhaps, seem hardly fitting to introduce such a contest to its prospective participants by proclaiming its ill qualities. Yet we feel that we should hardly be honest with our readers did we not state, before we set forth the matter and rules of the competition, that the charade, innocent diversion though it appear, has deadly properties. Once yield to it, and it has you in its grasp. Into the very borderland of slumber its perplexing syllables persist, startling the sluggish mind into recurrent spasms of activity long after unconsciousness should have claimed it for its own. On mountain climbs it will not be left behind. It follows to the bath. It intrudes on reading. It silences conversation, though in the whole of its best known example it entertains company. It is teasing, and vexing, and difficult—but it is altogether irresistible. Jane Austen indulged in it, and Thackeray, in its dramatic variety, described it.

According to the authorities, this pernicious but engaging pastime was first invented by the French in the eighteenth century. It is, as the slightly condescending definition of the Ninth Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica explains, "a trifling species of composition, or quasi-literary form of amusement, which may perhaps be best defined as a punning epigram propounded in a series of descriptions. A word is taken of two or more syllables, each forming a distinct word; each of these is described in verse or prose, as aptly or enigmatically as possible, and the same process is applied to the whole word. The neater and briefer the descriptive parts of the problem, the better the charade will be."

Of what the charade is capable at the hands of a brilliant, witty, and genial practitioner Dean Briggs has found leisure from the scholarly labors of Harvard University again and again to demonstrate. He is today the foremost writer of charades, scrupulous, ingenious, and amusing. His fancy plays lightly, and his knowledge is never at a loss for allusion or example to point his subtleties. He can be intricate, as when with a delightful pun he reveals "bittern" as the answer to what constitutes one of the longest of his charades:

When Mother Eve had just preëmpted
The record of the folks who tempted,
And when her husband did my first
(And we were consequently cursed),
Although "research" was all that Eve meant,
It ended in the world's bereavement,
Till, thirsting for illicit knowledge,
The girls left home and went to college.

Against the blue, a glistening white,
My second sails in circling flight;
In cap of black and mantle gray,
He dips an instant in the spray.
A human gull's a stupid duffer;
But man will be and do and suffer
All sorts of things to get good fishing,
In actual fact or merely wishing.
To feathered biped known as gull
Life should be anything but dull—
Unfailing fish, and (can you beat it?)
Unfailing appetite to eat it.

My whole, a glutton, takes his fill,
Nor kicks at any length of bill,
Day after day, behold him stand
In shallow water close to land.
No trivial thing his calm shall hamper,
Wet feet or any other damper;
Nor can one foot's uplifted toes
Damage his dignity of pose.
Nature would seem his life to bless;
Yet in his home's a bitterness.*

**The author hopes his ornithology*
Is quite as sound as his theology,
And proffers both without apology,
(Yet conscience bids him add these words:
"He may be mixed about his birds")

or he can be simple as when he conceals "spendthrift" in

To do my first with money or without it,
Becomes, in reckless man, a ruling passion.—
A paradox, of course, but if you doubt it,
Consider how my next is out of fashion.
My whole affects to think that gold is dross:
"A man must live: what matters gain or loss?
Comfort is part of every man's autonomy;
Nothing so narrow-minded as economy.
Wealth is contemptible. I could not bear
The taint of being a multimillionaire."
(Yet would it seriously shock-a-feller
To find he had the means of Rockefeller?)

But in all cases Dean Briggs is entertaining and honest. We only hope that he will not prove so entirely fascinating that neglected duties will cause you to cry "A plague o' both your houses" on the *Saturday Review,* which below prints the first two charades of the contest, and the Viking Press which in September is to issue them together with others in book form.

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER I

My First
'Tis impedimental woe
When you do me to your toe.
My Second
Pessimists are sorely vexed
That they had to be my next.
My Whole
I apply to those who grudge
Any willingness to budge.

NUMBER II

A drummer all too dapper and a flashy little flapper
Affectionately wandered side by side.
"To be modest and industrious never made a man illustrious:
What's the use of being tempted by the fame my first preëmpted,
My second and my third for us!" he cried.

"Such toil is out of fashion; modern style is all for passion;
Those Victorians were deadly dull and slow.
What our folks will call duplicity brings adorable publicity.
They had better not exhort us; they shall never, never thwart us;
Their job is to support us. Let us go!"

CONFESSIO AUCTORIS
(Meum Totum Loquitur)

He who knows the goat and ox and has tended droves and flocks,
When my attributes he undertakes to tell,
Is less likely to be wrong than the author of this song,
Who never, "never nursed a dead gazelle"
And doesn't know the creature very well).

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine, the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to *The Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of *The Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of *The Saturday Review.*

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The Bowling Green

Rain on the Roof

(May 29, 1931)

AN uncle of my acquaintance has a small nephew who confided to him, with the candor of childhood, that there were three sounds he liked to hear when in bed at night. They were the sound of rain on the roof, the radio playing downstairs, and the toilet flushing. These sounds, the child said, suggested a sense of being at home, of life going on, and of someone being near-by to take care of him.

Perhaps grown-ups get somewhat that same feeling of reality—though not always of safe care and protection—by reading the newspaper. Once every two or three years I take a copy of the New York *Times* and sit down with it to study it intensively. The last time I did so was in 1928 when things were riding high. And now, cleaning up in my study in hope of a small vacation, I find the issue of May 29, 1931. I had set it aside because it seemed to contain a specially high proportion of interesting news. Let's report briefly on it, for students of living. It contains all those three symbolic elements of human life which the wise child mentioned. There is no harm in civilization sometimes lying awake in bed to listen to the rain on the roof.

* * *

Professor Piccard, Swiss physicist, now a teacher in Brussels, and his assistant Kipfer, descended safely on the Gurgl Glacier in Austrian Tyrol after a balloon ascension of approximately ten miles. Professor Piccard was very pale after their eighteen hours' flight and asked for some hot tea when they reached the village of Obergurgl. The newspaper men reached Obergurgl at 2 A. M. and waked him up to ask questions, which he said was more agitating than the flight itself. Augustine Courtauld, a young British meteorologist who spent five months in solitude in a snow house on the Greenland ice-cap, reported his experiences. Except for the pain of frostbites he said he had been very comfortable; he had "plenty to eat and drink, an excellent supply of classical and other literature, good tobacco, and a fine lamp." The last six weeks of his stay however he had no light; he ate a mixture of cocoa, oats and snow and spent most of his time "day-dreaming" in his sleeping bag. I wish he would let us know what books he read. A man's body was found floating in the Seine near Paris with a bullet wound in the head. The only clue to identity was the label of John David, a New York clothier, and the lot mark 5659-37, in a brown suit. Eight such suits had been sold in the John David stores in May and June 1929; five of these had already been accounted for, and a conjectural identification suggested. Sir James Jeans, English physicist, speaking at a dinner of scientific societies at the Hotel Astor, said that "Today if anyone asks a question about the universe it cannot be answered except by a mathematician, and when the answer is given no one except a mathematician can understand it." In the immediate adjoining column was an advertisement of a book called *Our Gods On Trial*, announced as the "Freethought Book Club Selection for June," with this deliciously naive blurb quoted from Clarence Darrow: "A bully good book, convincing to anyone who wants to know the truth about the Bible and the Gods."

* * *

The first "heat wave" of the season had arrived and everyone was thinking of the Decoration Day week-end. The thermometer in New York City went to 85 the preceding afternoon and there were one death and one prostration. The deficit of the Federal Treasury now exceeded one billion dollars, but treasury officials believed that "an upward turn in economic conditions was near at hand." But one of Mr. Babson's statistical staff was reported as saying that business was not likely to reach the 1918 status until 1945. Two aviators (Lees and Brossy) flying in Florida established a new world's record for non-refuelled flight, 84 hours 33 minutes. Their motor was a Packard-Diesel. Lees, aged 43, was the driver of a horse-car twenty years ago. The 143rd general assembly of the Presbyterian Church, meeting in Pittsburgh, was arguing whether or not to include an endorsement of birth control in its transactions. Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, the distinguished financier, sang three songs at a dinner given him in honor of his 82nd birthday. The sky armada of 672 U. S. army airplanes, which had been exhibiting spectacular airoeuvres over large cities, was preparing to hop off for Washington for a Decoration Day flying bee. Two Italians were shot in front of the Parody Dance Hall on 116th Street by gunmen in a dark-colored sedan, who escaped. It was said to be a by-play of the beer racket. The Putnam bookstore advertised "You 'Trade in' Your Automobiles, Why Not Your Books?" Only 56 members of the G. A. R. were left to join the Memorial Day parade in New York; in 1930 there had been 81. Seven airplane expeditions were said to be waiting for favorable weather to attempt transatlantic flights. A group of mayors of American cities, visiting France as guests of the French government, were arousing some merriment by their naive antics. The mayor of Los Angeles had walked out from an official luncheon because champagne was served. The mayor of Portland, Oregon, had broken a tradition of silence by delivering a speech (described as "vibrant") at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The New York *Times* in an editorial (probably by Simeon Strunsky) advised him to "go and chin no more."

* * *

Prices were said to be at the lowest level in many years. John Wanamaker advertised "Cowhide Overnight Cases at the lowest point since 1910! $5." Hand-Sewn Silk Panties $2.95. Gotham Gold Stripe Silk Stockings were eloquent about their seven inches of adjustment space, to fit every length of leg. The new Spanish republic voted $230,000 to build schools. The Vickers Company in London opened a new show-room for the public display of war equipment, including machine guns, tanks and torpedo-airplanes, round the corner from the headquarters of the Peace Society. Joseph Stalin, general secretary of the Russian Communist party, congratulated the tractor stations on the successful completion of the spring sowing program. A book about the Russian Five-Year plan was selling well in the bookstores. In Brooklyn marriage licenses were granted to sixteen young women; their ages ranged from 18 to 29 and their names were Brennan, Cohn, Feinstein, Gross, Herskowitz, Kofsky, McCarthy, Montrose, Oakley, Paul, Pogarelsky, Rabinowitz, Rose, Schoenfeld, Solotaroff, Williams. The Hollywood Gardens, Pelham Parkway, advertised that it was America's largest open-air restaurant, seating 5,000. "Make up a party of 4 or more persons, hail a Keystone taxi anywhere in Manhattan or Bronx, and drive to the Hollywood Gardens. We pay your fare upon arrival." Twelve men were dropped from the Yale rowing squad for breaking training rules; they were said to have smoked. The *Empress of Britain*, 42,500 tons, the largest passenger liner built in Britain since the War, was making her maiden voyage from Southampton to Quebec. A lunch was held at the Walt Whitman Hotel in Camden, N. J., to celebrate the launching of the *Excambion*, a 7,000 ton passenger and cargo steamer, the fourth of four sister ships built there in ten months for the Export Steamship Company. By purchasing a rag-paper copy of the New York *Times*, of which a limited edition is printed each day, "records of births, deaths, engagements may be preserved indefinitely." This special perdurable edition costs 75 cents on weekdays, $1.25 on Sundays.

* * *

The Vice-President of the United States, whose name was Curtis, was to give the Decoration Day address at Gettysburg and then have his summer vacation. George Arliss was sailing on the *Majestic*, Otis Skinner on the *Bremen*; Gutzon Borglum on the *Berlin* to attend the unveiling of his statue of Woodrow Wilson at Poznan in Poland. Apartments at 2 Beekman Place, 2 to 8 rooms, were offered at rentals ranging from $1,150 to $8,600. For a good many children the day began as usual at 7.45 A. M. by the Cream of Wheat broadcast about "Jolly Bill and Jane." Too many radio broadcasters were attempting to ingratiate themselves with their hearers by soupy whine of simulated tenderness. Arthur Murray the dance teacher—"rates lowest in our history"—offered ten minutes' lesson and a dancing analysis gratis. Hilaire Belloc, lecturing at Oxford, said that translations were more numerous and worse done than ever before. The Players Club were rehearsing Congreve's *The Way of the World* for their tenth annual revival. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University unveiled a portrait of the late Henry R. Seager, professor of economics, who died last year while making researches in Russia. Dr. Butler said of Professor Seager that he had died while acquiring information on "the most important happening of our time or of any time." 235,791 stockholders of the P. R. R. were receiving their quarterly dividend. The U. S. Marine Corps was asking for bids on furnishing 60,000 pairs of cotton socks, 70,000 pairs of woolen socks, 100,000 cotton undershirts. Among new corporations reported by the secretary of state at Albany were the Adirondack Log Cabin Co., The Shreddy Coconut Co., the Adorable Hat and Accessory Co. The American Merchant Lines offered weekly sailings to London for $100. The Universal Tours suggested Free Booklet H, "Honeymoon Haunts, contains 80 Honeymoons 3 to 30 days." The advertisement carried a small cut of Cupid aiming his arrow. The Munson Lines suggested Tourist Cabin to Rio Janeiro and return for $275. Henry Werner of 75 West Street advertised that he had left two books in a taxi arriving at Grand Central Station, viz a biography of Charles Darwin and ditto of Walter Bagehot.

* * *

The Viennese film operetta *Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt* was playing its 9th month. Of the Dressed Poultry market it was said

> Broilers cleaning up well and tone firm. Fowls slow, but held steady. Old cocks steady. Turkeys quiet. Ducks easier. Squabs steady. Frozen broilers easier for small but large firm. Fryers and roasting chickens firmer. Fowls well sustained. Turkeys steady.

The trade depression had made the real estate advertisers more folksy than ever. For instance:

> Silvermine, Norwalk
> Cute little bargain, 5 rooms, all improvements, big fireplace; large plot; $9,700. More real bargains now.

> SOUTHAMPTON—I own a location where I desire a good neighbor still time for that Summer vacation home; ideal surroundings for the wife and kiddies; safe bathing, boating and restricted social associations; for the man, golf, yachting, best fishing and gunning in season; why not run down and investigate? $2,000, your terms. Write for particulars. Room 820. George Washington Hotel, 23 Lexington Av., New York City.

> 68TH ST., 60 WEST (The Cambridge Hotel)—It's hard to say how big our apartments are; we have a 1-room apartment, but the closets are so large and the room so spacious it looks like two rooms. Then there's one of those special 2-room suites with brand-new, homelike furniture and a smart colored tile bath; and we're accused of underestimating its size—so there you are. If you want to live a few steps from Central Park in either a one or a two room apartment, completely furnished, with full hotel service, electric refrigeration, at truly payable prices come in and see Mr. Spear.

> NEAR BEAUTIFUL STAMFORD, N. Y.
> Adaptable for man who contemplates retiring or for a semi-retiring business man; 70 acres; fully equipped furnished modern house, 8 rooms, bath, gas and electricity; A1 condition; 6-car garage; barns, trout stream, pine forest, apple orchard, lawn, shrubbery, fruit, berries, etc.; 2 saddle horses; excellent riding country and wonderful mountain scenery; 1,800 feet elevation, on State road.
> Will sacrifice for $12,500; terms.

But one realtor in the Sayville neighborhood was trying to keep up the tone of Long Island. "ULTRA REFINED ESTATE, for refined people." I looked for, but did not find, advertisements of the admired Long Island realtors Upjohn and DeKay. How often, in recent months, have I said to myself secretly that in business there was too much DeKay and not enough Upjohn. I apologize!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, held annually under the auspieces of Middlebury College, Vermont, will meet this summer from August 19 to September 3, under the directorship of Robert M. Gay. The purpose of the Conference is to furnish an opportunity for those so interested to receive honest criticism in an atmosphere of friendliness, from a group of experienced poets, novelists, short story writers, critics, and editors. This summer the staff will comprise Hervey Allen, poet, Lee Wilson Dodd, poet and playwright, Robert M. Gay, teacher and essayist, Edith Mirrieless, authority on the short story, Theodore Morrison, poet and editor, Gorham Munson, editor and critic, and Margaret Widdemer, poet and novelist. Among the visiting lecturers, though the list is not complete, will be: John Farrar, Clayton Hamilton, dramatic critic, Claude Moore Fuess, biographer and critic, and Edward Weeks, Associate Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

The Dear, Dead Pastiche

MY FLESH AND BLOOD. A Lyric Autobiography. By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS, we are assured, is a lyric autobiography "with indiscreet annotations." The author not only admits the indiscretions, he parades them, sends them down the highway with banners, tigers (somewhat moth-eaten), and a (somewhat mechanical) calliope.

Besides his persuasive title-page there is a preluding "Caveat lector" (with an exclamation mark) and an eight-page "Confessional" before Mr. Viereck allows the breathless reader to share the not too private privacy of his poems. Thus the "Caveat lector," in part:

> I admonish the reader to peruse my poems *before, guided by my annotations,* he ventures with me into the labyrinth of my soul. He who enters here does so at his peril.
> *Let the reader beware!*

There follows the "Confessional," in which Mr. Viereck seems to be the ghost of Oscar Wilde telling his troubles to Dr. Sigmund Freud. At the outset he confides:

> Pausing to look over my accumulated verse, I am surprised at its freshness. In one of my prefaces, I said: "Seated by the roadside I shall wait for America to catch up." . . . I may linger with Apollo, or discuss with Æsculapius the mystery of the endocrine glands. But, prodded by my libido, I ever pursue in my zigzag course a goal for which only psycho-analysis can find a name, attempting to reconcile Lilith and Eve, Jesus and Jack the Ripper.

The poems follow—some three hundred overwrought pages of them—grouped under such *fin de siècle* captions as: "Roses of Priapus," "Eros Crucified," "Phallic Litany," "Spawn of Strange Nights," "Wanderers through All Time," "Ave Triumphatrix," "Rebel Harvest," "Daughters of Lilith and Eve." This array should be sufficient for anyone who craves—no, yearns is the proper Bunthornian verb—for the pale purple patchwork of the 1890's. But Mr. Viereck leaves no one in doubt. The "indiscreet annotations" are even more self-conscious — and self-satisfied—than the poems. The superfluous examples are too humorous to mention; one instance must serve for all. "Tubal," explains Mr. Viereck, fearing we may not have heard the name, "was the inventor of music. He must also have been the first great lover. Song among men, as in the animal kingdom, derives its impetus from the phallus."

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The poems, themselves, are what one might expect. They celebrate "the splendor and the madness and the sin," the leading bisexual heroes from great Cæsar to Shakespeare (with a passing nod at poor Ludwig II), all the glamorous names that have ever been mishandled in thickly breathing verse, New York, Nineveh ("when 'Nineveh' first appeared it almost set the Hudson on fire"), and all the exploited standbys of the much mortified decadents—Pierrot in Golgatha, the hermaphroditic Sphinx, singing Vampires, Saint Vitus, "the belly and the phallus and the grave."

Part Two is wholly in prose. Its reticent pages contain sections on Mr. Viereck's translators, appreciations by his friends, prefaces to his various forgotten volumes, a list of poems originally written in German, a complete bibliography including the Little Boy Blue Books introducing (significantly enough) to Mr. Haldeman-Julius's millions the works of Oscar Wilde, Lord Alfred Douglas, C. A. Swinburne, and D. G. Rossetti. There is also, for good or bad measure, an Appendix devoted to "Mr. Viereck and His Critics."

It would be unfair to conclude without one excerpt in verse and one in prose. This stanza—a typical one—is the finale of "The Candle and the Flame":

Nay, sweet, smile not to know at last
That thou and I, or knave, or fool
Are but the involitient tool
Of some world purpose vague and vast.
No bar to passion's fury set,
With monstrous poppies spice the wine:
For only drunk are we divine,
And only mad shall we forget!

Climactic enough, the mouth-filling verse deserves a climax in prose. The following quotation is one which Mr. Viereck is pleased to quote about himself: "When a reporter of the Philadelphia *North American* asked me if Emperor William I was my grandfather or my uncle, I replied, 'That is of no importance. It is far more important that I am the spiritual grandson of Edgar Allan Poe.' "

Explicit.

The Marvellous Boy

A LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON. By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $7.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT

SOMETHING more than a century and a half ago a precocious young man of seventeen killed himself in a London garret. That act gave sentimentalists a hero, moralists a theme for sermons, and provoked a great scholarly controversy. And English poetry suffered the gravest of its four great losses by early death. For the young man was Thomas Chatterton, sometime Bristol apprentice, a dealer in dreams and documents of a medieval history and poetry chronicling worthies no less real for never having lived on land or sea. Walpole called him a forger, Jacob Bryant a great discoverer; Dr. Johnson, agreeing with Walpole to a degree, spoke of him as "the most remarkable young man that had come to his attention." John Keats called him the most English of the poets since Chaucer. One might add the most objective since Shakespeare, without daring to guess what he might have done had he lived. Keats had placed himself among the English poets at twenty-three; who but Milton at seventeen?

A vast amount has been printed about Chatterton. But no real survey of the field had been made for many years until the present large volume of Mr. Meyerstein, who is to be congratulated on a fine scholarly performance in the face of peculiar difficulties, of which only the special student may be fully conscious. Taking literally the Horatian precept, Mr. Meyerstein devoted nine years to his task. There are many editions of Chatterton's works, most of which add something new, though none since Southey's (1803) has attempted completeness. There are several biographies, and numberless articles in periodicals and minor pamphlets—a huge amount dealing with the Rowley controversy alone, though Skeat put the last touches on the proof of Chatterton's identity as the author of the so-called antique poems, which Tyrwhitt and the wiser eighteenth century critics perceived, and Chatterton's sister once admitted. Mr. Meyerstein handles the old material well—his treatment of slightly varying testimony is masterly—and his own wide reading in the MSS and magazines of the period has enabled him to make a good many discoveries himself.

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The result is a remarkable book, though the prose is at times a little marred by the author's love of seventeenth century models. And in some places he addresses himself frankly to the specialist alone. But, with judicious skipping, it is a work every lover of English romantic poetry will want to read; and the specialist is often most grateful for a thorough discussion of minor points. Perhaps the cleverest thing is the recognition of the significance of Chatterton's letter in sesquipedalian words to William Smith. Formerly thought a mere jumble, it proves in plain language a half jocular avowal of the poet's despair. I think the reference to making smegma (or soap) a symbolic reference to his abortive plan to become a ship's surgeon, a kind of barber. The motive for Chatterton's suicide seems to have been a desperate habit of mind long persisted in. He told a friendly apothecary of a painful disease, but this may have been a mere excuse to buy poison. Some problems remain unsettled. The MS of "Ella" is unlocated, and the true title in doubt. And the final word on the authenticity of the "Last Verses" hesitatingly rejected by Mr. Meyerstein, has not been said.

It is a terrible indictment of the eighteenth century that it found no place open for the "marvellous boy," though that he was a difficult person Mr. Meyerstein admits. But it is an error of our criticism, I think, that with greater understanding of his personality, we have paid little attention of late years to his poems. To these Mr. Meyerstein devotes many sympathetic pages. His "modern" verse is vigorous enough, but it is only in the Rowley poems that we find his best work. They are amazing stuff, to be read not philologically, but as pure poetry. For while supplying notes on the meanings of the strange words he used, Chatterton expected the reader to find unintelligible passages, as in any really old poem. Yet his freedom of phrase allowed him to create a new melodic magic.

> Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
> Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power

is as untranslatable as Burns, and the late date of the poem from which it comes confounds those who think the poet had written himself out. He had a turn for drama, too. And where Macpherson (who must have had some influence on him) saw Ossian like a ghost in the mist, Chatterton, with the eyes of a child, saw Canynge and Rowley in the rich sunlight that streamed through the stained windows of St. Mary Redcliffe, long despoiled, but glowing again in his imagination. He restored, too, those forgotten or despised subtleties of verse form and cadence in which the cavaliers had revelled. The result is a foretaste of "Kubla Khan," but with a severity that makes "The Eve of St. Mark" unique even in Keats. His was "the hand dare seize the fire" with which Blake and Coleridge kindled English lyric poetry anew.

Italian Players

ITALIAN ACTORS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By WINIFRED SMITH. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $3.50.

PROFESSOR SMITH here pursues a bypath in a field which she has already made her own. She follows the fortunes of the professional troupes who acted the *Commedia dell' Arte* between 1570 and 1700. The book is timely, in view of the interest in the Italian comedies manifest today among both stage historians and play producers; it should attract the general reader whom the author addresses in the preface, for she translates and arranges into a vivid story a body of material not readily accessible, and known least of all, as Sheldon Cheney remarks, to English readers.

Here, portrayed often through their own letters, are players like the virtuous Isabella Andreini, "crowned in effigy between Tasso and Petrarch," and Drusiano Martinelli, husband of the notorious Angelica, who acted with his troupe in London in 1577-8. Ser Maphio's fraternal company—a foretaste of our Actors' Equity Association—agrees to observe "without hate or rancor, but with love" its laws, such as one providing a common sickness fund (to be safeguarded by three keys held by three different members).

The six chapters trace the efforts of these actors to organize and establish their companies and to place their careers on a par with poets and painters, their trials and triumphs under great patrons, often generous, sometimes wrangling among themselves for the honor of the actors' services, now and then capriciously deserting them; their feuds, as when Gasparo Inpriale plots to slash Angelica's face by order of the actress Margarita, which "saddens Angelica," and moves her husband Drusiano to implore the Duke in Mantua to steal Margarita's letters; their genuine contribution to dramatic history, shown in the chapter on Giambattista Andreini and his theatrical innovations; their heyday and decline.

The unpretentious, spirited narrative presenting these very human documents is made even more readable by the pleasant page, and by a number of appropriate illustrations.

The death has occurred of Frank Frankfort Moore, the novelist and dramatist. He published over eighty novels, plays, and books of verse. He was in his seventy-sixth year.

Cattle Ranching

THE CATTLE KING: A Dramatized Biography. By EDWARD F. TREADWELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

FEW motorists, even Californians, tooling along outside miles of tight fence displaying the legend "Miller & Lux Ranch," really appreciate the full significance of the title. The accompanying dictum, "No Hunting. Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted," however, is generally accepted at par.

The far-flung system of Miller & Lux ranches has been more familiarly known to those ankle-tourists, the hoboes, as the "Dirty Plate Route." By Henry Miller's orders to all his foremen every hobo who applied was to be given one night's lodging in the barn and one meal, second table, off the plates of the ranch hands. The hoboes recognized *noblesse oblige;* the Miller & Lux ranch gates were not left open, the ranch women were not molested, the ranch stacks and barns were not burned—and Henry Miller deemed that he had saved on insurance premiums.

In 1847, Heinrich Alfred Kreiser, a German butcher-apprentice boy of nineteen, seeking "a country where I will have room to move and do something," and at the same time fleeing from militarism, landed in New York, steerage, with a bundle of clothes slung over his shoulder and five dollars in his pocket. When, as Henry Miller, he died in San Francisco in 1916 at the age of eighty-nine, his ranch acres and his cattle had reached the million figure in number; his Miller & Lux brands grazed, under fence throughout southern Oregon, northern Nevada, and the length of California; his properties of water rights, reservoirs, irrigating canals, abattoirs, and city real estate were a power on the Pacific slope; and his resources in money were incalculable save by himself.

A thrifty German immigrant boy, who commandeered Fortune. The Godsend of a non-transferable steamship ticket made out to a friend, Henry Miller, and purchased cut-rate, brought him from New York to San Francisco, in 1850, via the Panama Isthmus. Owing to a butcher-shop venture in Panama, while waiting for the California packet, and a spell of fever, he was down to six dollars. The California gold craze affected him not at all. This horde of people had to eat, and had to have meat. He dug up a job in a butcher shop and speedily branched out on his own, as butcher and cattle buyer, ranch buyer and cattle raiser.

He prospered. In 1857, Charles Lux, also a German-American, of San Francisco, became his partner. When in 1887 Lux died, the Lux heirs in Germany brought suit against Miller for an accounting and to establish claims. In this suit, involving large issues and lasting through more than a decade, a leading attorney for the plaintiffs was the "silver-tongued" Delphine M. Delmas who so brilliantly defended Harry Thaw.

Henry Miller was not caught short. He never was. And eventually he acquired all the Lux interests. "He became in law, as he for a long time had been in fact, Miller & Lux."

His vast operations, his energy and his methods, directed always along the ramifications of what may be termed, by and large, "good business," with an eye to the main chance, are most humanly set forth in this story by Mr. Treadwell, a San Francisco attorney thoroughly acquainted with the theme. No matter, however small, was beneath the attention of Henry Miller. Did he not forward two cats to clean the mice out of a ranch granary—and, when the mice were reported as disposed of, remind the foreman that one cat was now sufficient; the other should be placed elsewhere! Nonetheless, in line of efficiency, he was as prompt to pay $100,000 cash to increase his assets in live-stock holdings as he was to decrease his liabilities in cats.

The Newdigate Prize, which for the last four years has been won by women undergraduates, has this year been awarded to Michael Balkwill, of Oriel College. A woman was, however, next in order of merit. The subject was "Vanity Fair."

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Books of Special Interest

A Royalist's Journal

THE DIARY OF FREDERICK MACKENZIE, Giving a Daily Narrative of His Military Service as An Officer of the Royal Welch Fusileers during the Years 1775-1781 in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York. Harvard University Press. 1930. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by ALLEN FRENCH

THE historical student knows well the barrenness of the average soldier's diary, and how little it tells us except the weather and the barest outlines of the soldier's day. To be sure, out of the negative evidence of a group of such diaries, the late Samuel F. Batchelder was able to marshall one line of evidence to prove that Washington never took command of the continental army under the elm that so long bore his name. But army diaries are dull reading on the whole, and tell little either of events or states of mind. Only rarely does one appear that gives a close glimpse into great events, shows the politics of army life, and lets one watch the cumulation of a campaign to a crisis and its solution. Among these few outstanding diaries, that of Frederick Mackenzie may claim to take a place in the history of our Revolutionary War.

When Mackenzie came to America in 1773, he was a lieutenant of some years' standing in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, a title of the twenty-third regiment which he always writes out in full, as if he had no connection with the corps. Ordered to Boston in the autumn of 1774, in the excitement following the Powder Alarm, Mackenzie saw much that went on in the winter preceding the outbreak of war, and wrote one of the best accounts of Joseph Warren's famous oration in the Old South. When the expedition to Concord marched out, Mackenzie did not go; but as a member of the force which was sent to its relief, he took part in the retreat from Lexington. His cool and detailed narrative, the only part of the diary which was known to historians until lately, is the outstanding story from the British side. During the war the diarist rose to be aide-de-camp and deputy adjutant general, being evidently of the methodical turn of mind which would fit him for accurate work. He was not afraid of his pen, and thus the entries in his diary are often long, and are occasionally illuminated by diagrams and accompanied by returns otherwise hard to dig from the fragmentary War Office papers. In his old age, Mackenzie copied all his American diary into a score or more of volumes, of which unfortunately all have been lost but eight.

The entries for the Boston period were published in 1926 by the Harvard University Press ("A British Fusilier in Revolutionary Boston"); but the book is now out of print, and the whole diary has just been issued in two volumes. The original eight volumes form eight sections, and in spite of their lack of continuity give a valuable view of the campaigns of Boston, Long Island, and Rhode Island, and conditions in New York in 1776 and 1781. Mackenzie was for a time aide to General Francis Smith, whose dilatoriness in entering New York was exactly of a piece with his conduct of the expedition to Concord. One long entry describes the fire in New York, and a short one tells of the capture and execution of the spy "Nathaniel Hales," whose last words Mackenzie gives differently from the text-books of history. The inconclusive Rhode Island campaign is here given in much detail, and Barton's capture of Prescott is diagrammed and explained with great completeness. The longest consecutive part of the book covers the late period in New York, where Mackenzie, now high on the staff, knows all that is going on, and develops the capture of Cornwallis as seen from headquarters. The section begins with British hopefulness at the mutiny of the Pennsylvania continentals, goes on through Arnold's successful raids in Virginia, and Rawdon's and Cornwallis's repulses of Greene. Greene's dogged persistence, the gradual withdrawal of Cornwallis to Yorktown, the great part played by the fleets, and the mystification of Clinton as to Washington's real plans, develop clearly, until at last it is plain that Cornwallis is in such danger that only the fleet can save him, that the British delays are fatal, and that the French admiral is able to frustrate the half-hearted Graves. Not even a close study of headquarters papers can give such a summary of fact, conjecture, and comment, as Mackenzie adds to the story of the Cornwallis campaign.

The great value of the diary lies in these pictures of British conditions. Appearing in these days when American historians and American readers are looking at the Revolution from the British angle, when Mr. Clements is buying his Gage and Germain and Clinton papers, when the manuscripts of the Royal Institution have come to America, the diary is a timely and lively addition to much dry fact. From it the historian can draw material for the neglected Rhode Island campaign, and he can find new reasons for British strategy. One can only regret that so many volumes of the diary have been lost.

Sometime this summer you'll want to read a witty, entertaining novel. Remember these two titles for yourself and for your friends.

WORLD CHAMPIONS

by Paul Morand

Author of "Open All Night"

A tale of four Columbia University youths who feel the blood of conquerors in their veins. Under Mr. Morand's brilliant, epigrammatic pen, their careers spin out through twenty years following their graduation in a series of tragic and comic adventures. Shot through with the irony, wit, and keen observation of this famous Gallic *raconteur*, WORLD CHAMPIONS is a thoroughly different sort of edifying entertainment. Dorothy Canfield writes, "This is a fine, sound, well-balanced and interesting comment on some Americans by a Frenchman with a very good head on his shoulders." $2.50

MISS MOLE

by E. H. Young

Author of "William"

The Vassar Bookshop nominated MISS MOLE for the Hall of Fame with the following reasons: "because we could not have weathered the winter without her (Bless her heart!); because she is a guaranteed antidote for depression and general-run-down condition; and finally because we believe she will take her place in history with Evelina and Emma." $2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY

383 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

S. Pepys, Esq.

PEPYS: HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER. By JOHN DRINKWATER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT
University of Colorado

THIS book effectively puts Mr. Drinkwater among the Pepysians, and not by any means as a mere dabbler in the "engaging indelicacies" of the Diary, but as a true, an omnivorous Pepysian, who accepts that amazing record of ten years with joy and thanksgiving, and yet leaves no cranny unexplored that can yield information concerning the other sixty years. Of no man can we know more than of Pepys during that period from 1659 to 1669 when he so glibly immortalized himself in his private journal. Clear and explicit and copious as that record is, it leaves us convinced, against our knowledge of the facts, that it chronicles an entire life, and that in it we have seen the whole of the amiable man who adored music, fought petty battles with his wife, and wondered why a prety woman had such power over him. We forget that this man, whom we are likely to regard as a lovable trifler, had a distinguished career of more than thirty years after he gave up his daily practice of recording his actions creditable and discreditable. Mr. Drinkwater is at pains to remedy this injustice. He gives us, for the first time, a history of the complete Pepys, in whom the diarist and the important man of affairs are amalgamated. The Secretary for the Admiralty, the Master of Trinity House, and of the Clothworkers' Company, is here permitted to show himself, without being dwarfed by the *bon-vivant* and the Lothario.

Mr. Drinkwater deserves no slight praise for the skill with which he has handled his difficult subject. It would have been easy to draw upon the Diary for all sorts of episodes and opinions, to have served up anew the fellow who is already so familiar and so attractive. And probably no one would have quarrelled with such a repetition of well-known delights. But Mr. Drinkwater has carefully avoided any such *réchauffage*. Instead, without neglecting the Diary, he has used all the extensive and hitherto undigested researches of Dr. Tanner and Mr. Wheatley, and has thus shown that, thanks to the diligence of these gentlemen and others, we can now know very nearly as much about the later Pepys as we formerly knew about the Pepys of the first ten years of the Restoration. Letters, official documents, parish registers, all have surrendered their secrets, and in Mr. Drinkwater's deft hands they amplify our knowledge of the individual who has long been a kind of epitome of all humanity.

And what a Pepys it is that emerges from these pages—the same fellow, of course, who struts through the unmatched Diary, but with a new seriousness, a new importance, a new dignity. The old weaknesses are perfectly apparent, but they seem to receive less emphasis. The young man who rose rapidly in the world through the patronage of his Montagu kinsman had need of the questionable perquisites that found their way into the hands of the Clerk of the Acts, and we all remember what tricks were resorted to that the right hand might not know the acquisitiveness of the left; but the eminently respectable Secretary for the Admiralty, the complete English gentleman, could afford to disdain such favors, at least on occasion. Always he prided himself on his attachment to the arts, and in one he was something more than a connoisseur. To the collector in him the Library at Magdalene is a lasting memorial, as will soon be Professor Rollins's edition of the Pepysian ballads. If, in the later man, that eye for feminine charms was less active, it was perhaps because public affairs were too absorbing, or more probably because age will tell even in a Pepys.

Of his career as a civil servant too much good cannot be said. In that age of inattention to public business he was the model official. He took his job with a seriousness that cannot but command respect. At first he knew nothing about the Navy; when deprived of office by the fall of James, he was the most navally learned man in England; and in the meantime his country had profited enormously from his knowledge and his assiduity. This earnestness, this devotion to his work, is what we must understand in order to appreciate the Pepys of the Diary, and it is particularly on that that Mr. Drinkwater dwells. Pepys was not a man of great intellect, though he did argue and correspond with Sir Isaac Newton, but he knew his abilities for what they were, and he made the most of them. For this he deserves something more than the affectionate disrespect which has often been his reward, thanks to his own powers of self-portraiture. Whoever wants to know the whole Pepys cannot afford to neglect the new picture which Mr. Drinkwater has drawn.

Essays on Biology

THE NATURE OF LIVING MATTER. By LANCELOT HOGBEN. New York: Alfred Knopf. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by G. E. HUTCHINSON
Yale University

AT the present time we are being more than well supplied with scientific philosophies. Among these some few outstanding books will, without question, survive, growing to maturity through successive editions; we greatly hope that the book before one will be one to live. The author is a distinguished investigator in the field of comparative physiology and Professor of Social Biology in the University of London. The present volume shows him in both of these capacities and also as what is supposed to be rare among men of science, a lucid and frequently entertaining writer. The work is essentially a series of connected essays intended as a corrective to the unsatisfactory position accorded to biology in contemporary scientific philosophies.

While the physicists are able to define their external world with considerable exactitude, that of the biologist has been obscured by a rich growth of shrubbery planted and left to die by several generations of vitalistic philosophers. Professor Hogben is primarily a critic in his role as philosopher, and has cleared away this vitalistic undergrowth very thoroughly. Such a clearance gives us a vision of the field of biology, even in the far distance of social biology, as a part of the same landscape as that of the physical sciences. This landscape of communicable knowledge which can properly be made the subject of discourse and argument, Professor Hogben calls the public world and his standpoint the publicist standpoint. The private world is the world of the observer's own feelings and values, matters on which reasoning can carry no final conviction; "an expert social hostess recognizes this when she wisely refrains from asking Mr. A., who is interested in art, to meet Mr. B., who is interested in art."

The first part of the book is devoted to a study of the place of biology in the public world, that is to say, to a general discussion of the nature of living matter. "The significant issue is not the completeness of the mechanistic solution, but whether there exists any definable method of arriving at a more complete solution than the mechanistic outlook permits." This empirical attitude has some relation to that developed from a much more "privacist" viewpoint by Dr. J. Needham in his recent "Sceptical Biologist." Since a good deal of loose thinking has been imported into biological theory by ardent evolutionists who have failed to respect the ethical neutrality of their science, the second group of essays is devoted to a consideration of the methodology of evolutionists and the bearing of modern genetical theory on the problems of the origin of the species. This section is of considerable interest to biologists as being one of the few intelligent and outspoken expositions of a very fertile though provocative modern point of view. It is, however, so simply developed as to be easily grasped by non-biological readers.

We are finally given a third part on the relations of the public and private worlds in sociology and education. Every educationalist should read this third section, everyone interested in the place of science in modern thought, who, familiar with the names of Einstein and Millikan, has never heard of the equally significant names of Pavlov and T. H. Morgan, should buy the book and read the whole of it. The title of the work may be deceptive to those who look for a text-book on the physical chemistry of protoplasm.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MOST memorial books of verse are distinguished for their feeling rather than for their art. Strength of emotion in loss has sometimes blended with high art in the utterances of great poets. But the usual poems written in remembrance of one loved may better be passed over, with recognition of the sincere feeling that occasioned them merely. The means of expression is usually inadequate. We do not, however, feel this to be the case in respect to a small privately printed volume by Helen Hoyt, whose name is already well established among the most interesting American women poets of our time. Two hundred copies of *The Name of a Rose* have been printed for the author by Helen Gentry in San Francisco, and the sequence of seventeen poems is dedicated to the mother of the author's husband, who was born in 1840 at Columbus, Mississippi, and died at St. Helena, California, in 1929.

This book by Helen Hoyt Lyman, written for Sarah Amis Lyman, is composed with art as well as sincere feeling and introduces us in memory, to one whose spirit must have been rare and distinguished. In the four poems, "The Locks of Hair," "Wilful and Beautiful," "Lie there at Last," and "The Truce," we receive impressions of a person who endured her own distinct tragedy with her own distinct force and beauty of personality. "The Truce," particularly, concerning "the old emulous contending of woman with woman for possession," in this instance not of the mother's son but of the wife's son, is a deeply intelligent meditation. It ends in the recognition of an "indissoluble accord." "Fable" is a beautiful tribute, ending as it does with these lines:

Though tenuous and most candid-mild the foam of the delicate bloom,
Yet had this bush the iron of a wilder stock holding it firm in air,
And barbs along all the stems alert in their defense—
Of that inviolable, that unearthly, that fabulous innocence!

"The Slave-Woman's Grave" contains the gist of a characteristically American history. As it is less intimate than the others we shall quote it here in full. Brief as the whole book is, its tenderness is unflawed by sentimentality, and its record has the breath of life.

THE SLAVE-WOMAN'S GRAVE

As far away from the South as from the North,
In this strange valley by this western sea—
In this new country, in the midst of this new city—
A whole lifetime after Gettysburg, a whole continent
Between that battlefield and this San Francisco graveyard;
As far from Dixie as from Africa—homeless in all lands—
Here in this graveyard, where now her mistress too is laid,
Rest the bones of that slave-woman, that black friend,
Who came with you so long ago, faithfully following,
To this state of the west, this California,
As her own mother—first from Virginia
And then from the Carolina home—
Followed your mother to Mississippi in the days
When Mississippi was the Wild, the New; patiently,
Down mapless roads and across unnamed rivers,
Followed the whole long way and never turned back.
Now mistress and servant have reached together
The end of their journey, here at the continent's edge—
The edge of Balboa's sea; the edge of Asia,
Where the circle of the world breaks and meets again;
Reached at last the furthermost borders of all:
The infinite abysm of Time and dark!

Beauty for Ashes, by Sally Gibbs, published by Dorrance & Company in Philadelphia, has almost all the faults of the poetry of a neophyte, and yet for all its stammering and confusion, occasionally a freshness of phrase, an honesty of expression that make one impatient that this young poet should be content to be so lavishly careless. Most of the poems are too long, too vaguely rhetorical, lapsing too often into banality. Sometimes there is an excruciating juxtaposition of the inflated and the commonplace. There is feeling, there is temperament, but in her last poem, "The Being," Miss Gibbs expresses her own predicament; she has not yet, by any means, found her own identity in poetry, neither does she seem to know her best from her worst. She can write

Dawn ruffled the eyelids of the town
And it began to stir.
The shops blinked up their shades,
The barnyards were stridulous with dawn.
The cries of the cocks were sparkles of the sun—

which is not bad. But then, at the end of a poem about love, she is actually capable of saying

Tell me, are you out for all that you can get,
Or will you bear with me for yet awhile?

Her most successful poem, perhaps, is "The Girls," consisting of little bouquets of similes for Mary, Ellen, Evelyn, etc. Miss Gibbs generally uses a free verse with an occasional interior rhyme which is rather clumsily handled. In her case we should certainly recommend that she begin to work in strict forms. Even in the beginning of "Fireflies," where she appears to have more command over her versification than in most instances, actual command is lacking. Her language leaves little impression in general because of her lack of precision in epithet or of individuality in statement. Yet she has certainly facility, if little of that humor toward one's own moods which serves to establish the poet's most serviceable critic in his own brain. The afflatus is evident, but the figurative speech, which is so much of poetry, is not ruthlessly enough examined before it is allowed to stand. We have been critical to this extent because we feel that there is in this writer the making of a far better poet than she has as yet tried to be.

In the International Pocket Library series, published at 470 Stuart Street, Boston, appears *The Book of François Villon*, with a rather villainous ('Od's mercy, no pun intended!) paper cover. The translations it contains are familiar enough, by Swinburne, Rossetti, and John Payne, but they are always worth rereading, and the Introduction by H. De Vere Stacpoole with its descriptions of fifteenth century Paris supplies a vivid background for the poet. Take this sentence: "Teeming with people by night, lit by bonfires, unapproachable even by the archers of the watch, the Cour des Miracles, like a terrible lantern, lights the Paris of Villon for the understanding."

In *Poe and Chivers*, by Landon C. Bell, published by the Charles A. Trowbridge Company of Columbus, Ohio, we have a small book consisting of critical comment upon Professor S. Foster Damon's recent *Thomas Holley Chivers, Friend of Poe*, that Harper & Brothers brought out last year. Mr. Bell, an ardent Poeite, and quite as evidently an ardent Southerner, feels that despite Professor Damon's exonerating Poe from borrowing from Chivers he has lapsed into inaccuracies, by implication at least, has omitted documentation that should have been included, such as certain geneological information, and has ignored the cultural background of the South in the era of which he writes. We ourself did not read Professor Damon's book, but in several matters that appear still to be matters of opinion rather than of circumstantial proof Mr. Bell makes out a strong case against Chivers. He objects to Professor Damon's title for his book as conveying a wrong impression, for Mr. Bell's contention is that Chivers was never so much a friend of Poe as he was a snake in the grass. Doubtless Professor Damon himself will answer the book in controversy. The Poe-Chivers debate is now a matter of long standing. Chivers remains one of the greatest literary curiosities these States have produced.

Dark Odyssey, by Donald Wandrei, with five illustrations by Howard Wandrei, comes from the Webb Publishing Company of St. Paul, Minnesota. The poet has some facility in verse-forms, but we find little or no originality in the volume. "The Five Lords" is original in conception, but we cannot commend the execution, though Mr. Wandrei is fairly fluent in metre.

"It is important to remember," says John o' London's Weekly, "that between the sort of criticism that Byron denounced and the sort that Arnold exalted into a gospel there are many other grades, some of which are not literary at all. A critic is one who has some claim to pass judgment on any human production, from a poem to a prize-fight, but always his main duty is to discover what is best, not to denounce what is worst."

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Foreign Literature

New German Books

DIE GROSSE SACHE. By HEINRICH MANN. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer. 1930.
DIE JÜNGLINGSZEIT DES JOHANNES SCHATTENHOLD. By JAKOB SCHAFFNER. Berlin: Union Deutsche Verlagsanstalt. 1930.
DIE MICHAELSKINDER. By MARTIN BEHAIM-SCHWARZBACH. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 1930.
KLEINE FANFARE. By ANNETTE KOLB. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt. 1930.
GUTE GESELLSCHAFT. By FELIX SALTEN. Berlin: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1930.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

HEINRICH MANN has earned the gratitude of all thoughtful readers by such books as "Professor Unrat" and "Der Untertan," books in which he drew a startlingly true picture of imperial Germany, such as no other writer of the pre-war period had dared to attempt. During the war, too, his independent attitude was admirable. Now, after a number of books of minor importance, he has projected upon his canvas with documentary authenticity and sovereign power a picture of life in post-war Germany which, unbiased by outworn traditions and new conventions, sees things as they are *sub specie æternitatis*. "Die Grosse Sache" records the changed standards of living and the struggle for existence of the many, and the rise to wealth and position of the few, without long-winded description and hollow phrases. He portrays in the person of the Ex-Chancelor Schattich and the new Viennese millionaire Von List political corruption and industrial piracy, and in that of the old engineer Birk a man of large family who tries to arrest the moral decline through poverty by his loyalty to a certain ideal of life. The means by which he hopes to save them may strike the casual reader as childish, but his "invention" is to be taken symbolically. The struggle of the family to capitalize it and the rapacious efforts of the Chemical Trust for its possession furnish a plot full of dramatic episodes, involving in equivocal situations the wife of the Ex-Chancellor and the daughters of Birk. But his ideal of life sounds the final note in this powerful story, written in that clear and fluid style which suggests the Latin strain in the author's maternal ancestry.

"Die Jünglingszeit des Johannes Schattenhold" is the stirring record of a tragic youth based upon the author's own experiences. So simply and honestly is it told, with no superfluous pathos and with an occasional touch of whimsical humor, that Jakob Schaffner is now ranked with the great Swiss masters of the novel, Gottfried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. Of his hero, brought up in an orphans' home, apprenticed to a shoemaker, he writes: "A boy of sixteen is the most unfortunate being under the sun." His years of apprenticeship are years of keen suffering for the youth with no little artistic temperament and a gift for poetry, music, and drawing. The sex problem is present as in all contemporary stories of youth, but Schaffner is not obsessed by it as are so many writers of our day. The book stands apart from the many German novels dealing with youth by the almost naive frankness with which the hero's experiences are related. Jakob Schaffner is the most interesting example of a "self-made" writer in the world of German letters.

Martin Behaim-Schwarzbach is a rare phenomenon among the younger writers of Germany. As publicity does not work as fast and as unblushingly in European countries as it does in ours, his private life is still his own. But it is safe to assume that the man who has delved into the history of the fifteenth century and has so saturated his mind with its religious atmosphere that he could reconstruct it with its haunting mysteries and its cruel superstitions, must be himself a mystic. His novel, "Die Michaelskinder," reads like the story of another Children's Crusade. The dominating figure is the sculptor at work in his hermit shop on a statue of St. Michael for the choir of a cathedral. A friend of children, he had told them of the fortress which the bishop of Avranches had built for the saint on a rock jutting out into the sea. With the arrival of a mysterious stranger in the guise of a juggler, who is no other than a former resident ostracized by the orthodox populace for refusing to give money for a pilgrimage, but is not recognized, a terrible catastrophe wipes out the older residents. Children, returning from the sculptor, had been attracted by the stranger's tricks and on reaching their homes find their families slain, their homes robbed. Remembering the story of St. Michael's fortress, they set out to find it and apply there for a home. A strange boy who joins them plays on a flute which one of the children has found, and all along the road the orphaned and homeless children follow them. They march through Hameln, and when they leave it there is not a child left within the walls of that town. The figures of some of the little pilgrims are of pathetic beauty.

"Kleine Fanfare" is a curious collection of essays, sketches of travel, recollections of meetings with men and women of note, and personal impressions on a variety of subjects. They do not seem to be correlated, but, with the exception of the first chapter, bear the stamp of the author's individuality; and Annette Kolb is a unique personality among the writers of Germany who have risen into prominence since the war. Most interesting are her impressions of the people she has met; with a few words she makes them live before the reader's eyes.

Felix Salten's "Gute Gesellschaft," a new book of experiences and adventures with animals, is very aptly named; for his animal friends are indeed good company. Whether he speaks of his falcon, of the kitten found drowning, of Liesl the cow, of Treff and Lady and other dogs, he makes one feel not only the close bonds that science has established between humans and the "dumb" creatures, but companionship as well.

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Points of View

"The Academy for Souls"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I was touched by the fundamentalism of Professor Northrop as exhibited in that decisive dismissal of his of "The Academy for Souls." Such faith in the certitudes of science is rare in these days. His colleagues in physics and psychology may well be envious of his assurance, for with Jeans and Eddington descrying in the universe the outlines of a mathematical Colossus and Einstein disclaiming that relativity throws light on origins, before the world is much older we may all find ourselves back in the arms of Mother Church. If mechanical conceptions of the cosmos have to be thrown overboard, as Jeans says, then theology is not such bad form as he seems to believe. Or, is it that the Professor is so mid-Victorian in his views as to be out of touch with contemporary thinking?

Inadvertently I may have strayed into the field of thirteenth century theology, though I can't imagine any good Catholic admitting resemblance between my thesis and that of St. Thomas, but in consideration of the Thomian reputation the critic might have mentioned that we approached deity from opposite poles. Mine lacks the more pleasing attributes with which the saintly philosopher endows Him, and we diverge *in toto* as regards free-will and morality. But as I suggest, St. Thomas may be coming back into fashion, and the association may eventually amount to flattery.

However, that is not the point. While I am aware that no author has rights a reviewer need respect, rough justice prescribes that the matter adjudicated should be given a measure of consideration. In this instance I undertook to evaluate consciousness as an element with properties and to offer this factor as a substitute for natural selection as the causal agent in the origin and evolution of vital organisms. This is a radical hypothesis completely at variance with accepted doctrines, and the book is an argument to support it. The issue, then, is not St. Thomas or the demoded Aristotle or even the attitude of Big Business, but whether or not this contention had been established. I think I put up a pretty sound case for it, but whether I'm right or not the professor does not say. Of one thing I'm sure, after reading his article,—he is not equipped to decide, so his verdict would have been valueless save as basis for an appeal.

No one knows better than I, who have been editing magazines and newspapers for four decades, that a new idea, or an old one revamped, is a challenge. Humanity is so adjusted to those it has digested that mere contemplation of a different viewpoint excites it to wrath. Witness Russia. Besides, all accepted propositions have vested rights and retainers to defend them. In venturing forth, then, with a theory that seemed to cover more of the phenomena in sight than those now consecrated I was not unmindful of sacrilege. I knew the Academicians would turn up their noses or call it revivalism or let loose the dogs on me. I imagined, however, that it might be possible to escape attention and obtain public hearing in quarters where attributions are not stock-in-trade.

There are people professionally at grips with objective reality, such as engineers, architects, builders, and manufacturers, who know the language of specifications, whose minds are not clogged with ascriptions, and who get things done. Folks such as these should be able to check an analysis of the principles that enter into an action and from their experience of process and operation, recognize its truth or falsity. Ordinary accountancy for an action includes set-up, motive, design, energy, supervision, and fulfilment and when one has separated and checked each quantity one knows what the whole is about and can take a position regarding it. My argument was pitched for this kind of thinking, and in order to get an outside and unprejudiced perspective on the affairs of our lives I imported a Martian and dramatized my thesis in the form of an argument between him and a disciple of Behaviorism. The Martian is posed as a critic of the prevailing notions of automatic determinism and bitter in his denunciation of those who believe that the secrets of life are hidden in protoplasm. Incidentally he tells of an intellectual revolution on Mars whose authorities some six hundred years ago were caught in the mechanistic eddy in which so many of our own are still whirling. It was led by engineers who appealed from the Academies to the common sense of practical Martians of the Henry Ford, Schwab, Owen Young type with the result that the scientific hierarchy was overthrown. That is the slender basis of Professor Northrop's allusions to the arbitrage of Big Business. May I assure him that my Martian is no nearer relative of Bruce Barton's than he is of St. Thomas?

Anyway, there's nothing especially heretical in "The Academy." My Martian has a sense both of humor and relativity. He does not dispute the findings of the biologists as bearing on the physical geography of the human system, or the assurance of the Behaviorists that the life story of a man is the biography of an organism adapting itself to an environment. He does insist that cause, coördination, architecture, tenancy, and motivation are outside their pictures. No one who can read and understand Whitehead in the original would be shocked at my presentation or conclusions, even though I do pitch my narrative in conventional English.

In conclusion may I suggest to those who have thought of investing in "The Academy for Souls" not to be deterred by Professor Northrop's hard usage? He did not get far enough into the book to find what it was about. Besides, this is a busy season for professors of philosophy, and he has just finished a book of his own. If the editor of the *S. R. of L.* will give it to me to review I'll heap coals of fire on his head. At least he did not drag in the argument of design.

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE.

More on "Relief Unbound"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

It is difficult to conceive how so ill-mannered and ignorant a review as that devoted to Dr. Montague's "Belief Unbound" could have been printed in the *Saturday Review.* It is so obviously conceived in anger and brought forth in contempt that its unfairness is apparent on the face of it. Dr. Montague's book—as many of the best thinkers whom I have met cordially agree—is a notable attempt to rethink the whole religious problem from a modern point of view and with the full equipment of modern experience. Nothing can be more obvious among intelligent people than the breakdown of confidence in the traditional religious beliefs. Dr. Montague, instead of joining the ranks of the sneerers—where he might have had high honor in present-day America—does the far more difficult and thankless task of seeking to build up a conception of life and the universe in which the things that matter most will no longer, as he writes, be at the mercy of the things that matter least. That he may not have done this to the full satisfaction of every serious thinker is altogether possible, but that he has made a notable attempt to clarify and restate the most fundamental of all human issues there can be no doubt whatever. Not only are the authorities of Yale University to be congratulated upon the appearance of so noteworthy a book, but Dr. Montague is to be commended for a piece of work searchingly honest and philosophically brilliant.

The climax of the reviewer's ineptitude is reached when he patronizingly tells Dr. Montague that Prometheus really was not a rebel at all, but that he was only a symbol to show that divine compassion had its place on Olympus. Shades of Æschylus and of Shelley!

H. A. OVERSTREET.
College of the City of New York.

Mint Condition

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Reading the article "Mint Condition" in the Compleat Collector was like finding a green oasis in a desert. I was delighted to find that there are booklovers who delight in a book even though the book may have a stain or a name written on the title page.

I have been working in a rather select little bookshop, the owners of which go in for first editions with a bang and a whoop. The fuss raised over a first edition and condition of dust wrapper and title pages, etc., led me to wonder if book collectors really did enjoy the matter between the binding. I'll confess that hitherto I have enjoyed browsing in second-hand bookshops and picking up worn, well-thumbed books and enjoyed discovering that the preceding owner cared enough about a book to make notes in the margins. It happens to be one of my weaknesses, that habit of bracketing similes, phrases, and paragraphs that appeal to my mind. I had begun to feel like some brutal criminal for having indulged this weakness. It was a delight to read the article on the subject.

Milwaukee, Wis. A BOOK LOVER.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ART STUDIES: Medieval, Renaissance, and Modern. Edited by the Departments of Fine Arts at Harvard and Princeton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1930.

Scholarly studies, elaborately printed and illustrated with numerous plates, dealing with a variety of artistic subjects, the chief of which are Turkish architecture, the Italian period of El Greco, the Gospel-Book of Laudevennec, the First Romanesque Style, and Baroque Ivories.

THE STUDIO PAINTING SERIES. Figure Studies. Landscape. Children. Ships and the Sea. Rudge. 4 vols. 1931. $2 each.

Four volumes in the Studio Painting Series containing quite exquisite reproductions in color of paintings by noted artists, together with brief notes elucidating the illustrations.

Belles Lettres

THE "FILOSTRATO" OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. Translated by N. E. GRIFFIN and A. B. MYRICK. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1931.

It would almost seem as if Boccaccio wrote the "Filostrato" for the convenience of modern scholarship. It is so teachably typical. It contains in relatively slight bulk the peculiar combination of the Middle Ages and the modern world which its author exemplified. A sensuous lover with a taste for situations deemed unprintable by prudish censors; a scholar himself in his efforts to recreate the ancient world and make an old tale live again, embellished, of course, with didactic observations based on his own unfortunate experiences; a medieval artist with an anachronistic flair for psychology: all these phases of Giovanni Boccaccio—and very legitimate phases they are—are on display in the "Filostrato" to much better advantage even than in the "Decameron" itself. There are even bits of sheer tediousness—alas! typical too—which his contemporaries fresh from a consideration of the "Filocolo" must have regarded as the main characteristic of his art. Lastly, the tale of Troilo and Criseida, with varied spelling and treatment, cuts a brave trail through English literature and gives the specialist in comparative studies an unrivalled opportunity for a demonstration of his earnest and praiseworthy, if somewhat cumbersome, activities.

The version which we have under discussion makes the best of its opportunities. The translation itself is a workmanlike job. Since the original presents very few difficulties and is cast in a very simple style, a literal translation may be also quite readable, as indeed this is. Nor does it suffer by being prose; there is, in spite of rhymes and scansion, very little real poetry in the "Filostrato," and an older Boccaccio might well have written the original in prose.

The part of the book which will be of most interest to scholars—and the book will interest only scholars—is the introduction. It is remarkably complete. It discusses the life of Boccaccio up to the time of the composition of the poem and the probable sequence of events which led him to write it. It considers, with a wealth of footnotes, the various sources of the poem and their relative importance. It contains, as one might reasonably expect, a discussion of Chaucer's version of the tale. In spite of these numerous questions and the voluminous footnotes Mr. Griffin manages to be reasonably concise. It is, all in all, a very able piece of work and for its thoroughness should be very useful to students—especially to those whose Italian is a bit halting.

Biography

STUDIES ARE NOT EVERYTHING. By MAX MCCONN. New York: Viking Press. 1931. $2.

This is the amusing diary of a freshman who represents at least what college boys look like to those who see them in their social moments. The book has a bite of satire in it and is a great deal truer as well as a great deal more amusing than a good many recent and more serious books about college life.

JEWISH PIONEERS IN AMERICA: 1492-1848. By ANITA L. LEBESON. Brentano's. 1931. $4.

This book is an attempt to recount the history of individual Jews in the various American colonies of the early decades of the republic. Some very interesting material has been assembled, not brought together in easily accessible form before. The reader will be surprised at the number and importance of Jewish citizens, particularly in the Colonial period. The book is illustrated with maps and portraits.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES B. BECKWOURTH. Edited by T. D. BONNER. Knopf. 1931. $4.

This is a reprint of the autobiography of an extraordinary mulatto, who spent his life on the frontier, was chief of the Crow Indians, and deeply involved in the opening up of the trails to the Pacific. This book is one of the Americana Deserta series edited by Bernard De Voto.

ENDURANCE. By FRANK ARTHUR WORSLEY. Cape-Smith. 1931.

This is a new story of Shackleton's tragic adventure in the Antarctic, written by one of his companions.

Fiction

GAY AGONY. By H. A. MANHOOD. Viking. 1931. $2.50.

It seems that the two or three enthusiastic comments of English reviewers quoted on the jacket of this book are not to be taken too seriously. "Gay Agony" is a moderately good book. It tells of a young man who goes to build a dam somewhere on the English moors and meets with cruelty and brutality in the course of his dealings with the peasants. The experience does not mean very much to him, and interests us only in that it shows what happens when a neurasthenic young man tries to cope with a reality which he does not understand. No clear-cut issue is presented, and naturally no resolution is possible.

The book is written in a style which has many excellent points, though it lacks firmness and incisiveness—musical, we suppose it would be called, since it depends largely upon the arrangement of vowels and consonants for its effect. The peasant characters are presented with charm. There is humor in the book, though of a rather brutal variety that calls a spade a spade. This coarse humor is out of key with the rest of the book, which is rather tender and melancholy on the whole, and seems perverse—even, at times, disagreeably so.

THE MARRIAGE OF DON QUIXOTE. By ADELINE ATWATER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.

Very often after the end of even a very good novel there seems to be a standstill. Life pauses. You feel that before the heroes readjust themselves there must come a period in which there will be nothing for them to do. In "The Marriage of Don Quixote" you know that life itself will carry on the characters in much the same way as they have been living in the book. The author does not fight or play tricks with the current of human existence, she follows its flow from the bank and looks on.

Donald Winsor is born on a farm, but his parents, wishing to give him an education, sell their property and move to the city. Fate is against them. Life proves to be an unsurmountable struggle, and one after the other both father and mother die. Donald has realized that at the bottom of his parents's sacrifice lay ambition, which has been the cause of his life's first tragedy. He therefore conceives an instinctive horror of competition and of its responsibilities. But he is an alert young man and opportunities come his way. He deals with them according to ideals which he has worked out for himself and refuses to be tempted either by the possibilities of an easy future, money, or personal considerations. He is adamant. He is called upon to make important decisions—the most important one in the case of his own unexpected marriage—but he always remains consistent, perhaps too consistent for his age and intelligence. Donald is a new character in today's literature, he represents a protest against the ruthless go-getter, against the wear inflicted upon young souls by the heartless materialism of present times, and although he seems limited by the rigidity of his own principles he is a welcome and novel "*jeune premier.*" Around this unusual figure an original and bold plot is woven, and the story itself is told in a terse language almost parsimonious of detail, which has no doubt been inspired by Mrs. Atwater's admiration for modern craftsmanship in the draftsman's and painter's art, something she knows more about than most of us.

SECRET CARGO. By HOWARD PEASE. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

As the author of "Shanghai Passage" and "The Tattooed Man," Howard Pease has already established his reputation as a writer of adventure stories for older boys and "Secret Cargo," his most recent creation, has all the romance and mystery of his earlier works. Again using a tramp steamer as the scene of his tale, he follows the sixteen-year-old hero, Larry Mathews, with his dog Sambo, through a logically conceived mystery of human smuggling on board the S.S. Creole Trader, bound from New Orleans to Tahiti. While primarily the story of a boy fighting with courage, honesty, and perseverance for his position as a man in a man's job among a crew of rough and unscrupulous seamen, "Secret Cargo," along with its exciting adventure, gives an accurate picture of life on a tramp ship. The "black gang" with whom Larry works in the bunkers is portrayed with an understanding which only comes with a knowledge of the sea and the men who follow it. The result is convincing. It gives life to the characters, reality to the story, and excitement to the plot development.

At times the situations become so intense that some of the episodes cannot fail to arouse the suspicion of such highly critical readers as boys of this age are apt to be. They will not believe that a boy will jump overboard in the night in mid-ocean to save the life of a dog, no matter how fond he may be of him, and that a life preserver will conveniently float by in the dark to save the life of the hero so that his adventures may follow their chartered course. It is unfortunate that Mr. Pease has occasionally had to force his story with these expedients, for his younger readers are bound to be the first to resent them.

This story, while unimportant, is very good of its kind and is sufficiently thrilling and sophisticated to be of interest to young and old.

SONGS AND STORIES. Selected and annotated by EDWIN MARKHAM. Los Angeles: Powell. 1931. $5.

An anthology of prose and poetry by California writers from pioneer days to the present, selected with the intention of showing the trend and character of California's literary genius.

CUPBOARD LOVE. A Park Avenue Novel. By NANCY HOYT. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

One gets at the crisp, modern-to-the-moment characters of Nancy Hoyt's novels without being conscious of the medium through which they are presented. There seems to be almost no writing around them, they stand out sheer with no print sticking to their edges. They speak in brisk sentences that crackle in their own vernacular, and the necessary paragraphs concerning their activities are as rapid and as scornful of transitions as the staccato activities themselves. "Cupboard Love," the latest novel by Miss Hoyt, glitters with hard, polished surfaces, and is keyed to the frantic pace of people urged on always to keep enough ahead of themselves to avoid awkward and disturbing encounters with these selves.

Getting down to the actual story of "Cupboard Love" brings something of a surprise. It is not the backbone of plot, which can of course be lifted out with a little skill, that matters; it is the meat that properly adheres to these same bones that has the flavor. It is certainly not the mere descent of two very much assured English sophisticates upon three less and less assured American dittos, with the consequent shattering of what passes for homelife on Park Avenue, that delights the reader; it is the day-to-day, or night-to-night, existence of all these people, set down with the wit and ruthless candor that make Miss Hoyt's novels what they are. Days and nights, men and women, spats and love-making hurtle through these pages like telegraph poles past the windows of an express train. Only the boldest details can be seen, but they are the more clarified by the absence of particularized background.

There, the story has escaped again. It is impossible to keep one's mind on that. Scenes will flash up instead. Scenes, before, after, and during "parties," for the whole life here seems to be oriented in relation to "parties." The people do, of course, a little sleeping and a little business, but such interludes seem mere stopgaps to fill in time until there can be more gettings together with the constant accompaniment of ice clinking metronomically in the tall metal cylinders.

Miss Hoyt has made this hurried, har-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ried, superficial life her chosen field, and she writes of it so supremely well that older-fashioned folk cannot help wishing she might turn her bright talent to something that runs a little deeper into life, a little further into time. But after all she is writing of the strange antics of the little people of her own day, which is what story-tellers of anywhere and anywhen have usually been at pains to do.

International

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS. By EUGEN DIESEL. Translated by W. D. ROBSON-SCOTT. Macmillan. 1931. $2.

This thoroughly readable translation of a book published in Germany two years ago has as its thesis the contention that the Germans have never been a nation, and are not even now. Other countries achieved national unity relatively early in their history; their capital cities are universally regarded as symbols of that national unity; their cultural leaders have been helped, not hindered, by the political conditions of their times. However, in Germany the reverse is true, Diesel convincingly argues. Even education has forgotten its real meaning and no longer trains national leaders. The aftermath of the World War, the country's first all-embracing national experience, showed that Germany, considered as a nation, was without any real political foundation and had been held together in 1914-18 by no ideal higher than victory.

In support of his thesis the author paints a series of pictures of life in Germany—town and country, industrial and agricultural—showing that north and south have developed independently, owing to geographic, historical, and other factors. The people of the Alps are firm and solid; those of the uplands gentle, efficient, but lacking in enterprise; while those of the North German plain have a genius for order and organization. Furthermore, the relative importance of cities, which have for centuries remained virtually the same in countries such as England or France, is constantly changing. His fair and sympathetic treatment of the religious division rounds out his portrayal of Germany's endless diversity.

He then comes to the question: What is the typically German character? Is it possible to define it in view of such diversity? Diesel's answer is vague and unsatisfactory. He mentions only one specific characteristic, namely the lack of self-confidence in the individual. In detail, he points to some of the weaknesses of his countrymen—the refusal to admit patriotism in political parties opposed to one's own or in individuals embracing a creed (Roman Catholic or Protestant) other than one's own.

The latter part of the book is concerned with the question of whether Germany's 70 million people can develop a free and happy national life. Will her complete surrender to mechanization bring salvation? It is too early to answer, Diesel replies; but he suggests that it will not. He describes the new type of citizen who is intensely German and yet open to the influence of the outside world, who has overcome the trammels of mechanization and specialization and so is able to appreciate human values at their true worth. If this new German can master the universities, the creeds, and the state, then Germany is sure of a great future. Diesel's conclusions, if vague, are food for thought; but his long-drawn-out account of the industrialization of modern Germany might apply equally to the United States and to a slightly less degree to all countries of Western Europe.

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY. By JOSEPH CROZIER. Knopf. 1931. $3.

The reader who is led by the jacket to expect that this is an exciting story of spies will be disappointed. If he has curiosity to know how France tried to protect herself commercially and economically against Germany by placing agents to watch her affairs from Holland, and if he is contented with undramatized information, he will be well repaid. M. Crozier took charge for the French General Staff of that important function of the Second Bureau. He did his work bravely and well, and if his narrative is not as interesting as his experiences, it must be said that he purposely shunned all efforts to be colorful. His purpose was more honest, as his dreary overelaboration or irrelevancies, and his convincing but unobtrusive documentation show.

He secured, as an alleged oil merchant of Rotterdam, the patronage of the Central Purchasing Bureau of Germany, and, in the capacity of French officer, made use of information so gained to direct his agents. It is obvious from the facts stated concerning these "spies" that they were crafty and effective agents; but the author has failed to make their personalities vivid. Like many writers absorbed in their subjects, he frequently loses sight, in his own detailed interest, of the events which are most diverting to others.

It is to be regretted that because he did not tell an intrinsically interesting story with more professional skill that his book is of special, rather than general, interest.

Miscellaneous

THE SHAKESPEARE GARDEN. By ESTHER SINGLETON. Payson. 1931. $3.

WHAT GREATER DELIGHT. By DULCIE L. SMITH. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

A new edition has appeared of the late Miss Esther Singleton's pleasant, rambling book, first published in 1922. The first portion of the volume deals with the development of the Tudor garden and with Elizabethan garden writers; the second with the flowers mentioned by Shakespeare, each one of which is discussed in considerable mythological and horticultural detail. The third part gives practical directions for laying out a "Shakespeare Garden" and embellishing it with the appropriate arches, seats, ornaments, dovecotes, sun dials, pleached alleys, and the rest.

Miss Singleton indulges in very long quotations from Parkinson's "Paradisus" (which are welcome in any connection), from "the delightful Dr. Forbes Watson" (the titles of his works are found in neither footnotes nor bibliography), and from miscellaneous authors of varying importance. One gets the impression of a work half-way between a scrap-book and an anthology, a sort of catch-all for horticultural facts, literary allusions and "quaint conceits."

The new edition is marred rather than improved by an imperfect bibliography. To justify such a parade of learning the amenities of scholarship should be preserved.

The significant matter in Miss Smith's little book of 178 pages could have been compressed by a stern editorial pencil into a pleasant essay of a quarter its length. The author writes enthusiastically about gardens and gardening in the sprightly style that seems to be the peculiar pitfall of the horticulturist essayist. She gossips with the reader and shakes her metaphorical curls with an archness that would be infuriating if it were not rather comic.

THE PINKERTONS: A DETECTIVE DYNASTY. By RICHARD WILMER ROWAN. Little, Brown. 1931.

This book is not so much a history of a detective dynasty as it is the relating of the most celebrated achievements of the Pinkertons. Considerable attention is given to the founder, Allen Pinkerton, and his methods, but the work of his sons and the development of the agency from humble beginnings are subordinated to the more engaging accounts of the activities of counterfeiters, burglars, and murderers and their apprehension. That the book as a result is made more entertaining is beyond question. Students of criminology and social history, however, will probably wish that the author had written upon somewhat different lines.

Mr. Rowan seems admirably qualified to write about the Pinkertons. The study of secret service and secret police methods has long been his avocation, and the present book, although undocumented, bears indication of extended research and a discriminating weighing of evidence. Some twenty-five or thirty cases and episodes are analyzed in considerable detail, the most important of which are the plot to assassinate Lincoln when he was journeying to Washington in 1861 to take up his Presidential duties, the activities of the Pinkerton spies during the Civil War, the "Molly Maguires," and the Homestead Strike riot. Little or no new material regarding these has been uncovered, but Mr. Rowan has marshaled the known data very effectively and has written entertainingly. His book should have an appreciative reading among devotees of detective lore, and should afford solace to some who bewail our present-day wave of crime. After all, the rather sedate nineteenth century had a full quota of clever scoundrels, and the ingenuity of a few of them has hardly been excelled.

DANGEROUS DRUGS: The World Fight Against Illicit Traffic in Narcotics. By ARTHUR WOODS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931. $2.

There is no world fight against narcotics. What there is is a world fight for the profits, the fabulous profits, derived from the manufacture of anywhere up to a hundred times the amount of narcotics required upon any theory or calculation for legitimate needs. Every ounce or grain of these drugs manufactured beyond the proper needs of medicine—and the amount so needed is so small in comparison with the actual production that it can be called infinitesimal—goes to satisfy and aggravate addiction. There is no other conceivable use for it. The nations are talking about it, the police of some of them engage in sporadic but entirely futile activities against drug-peddling; a committee of the League of Nations engages periodically in solemn palaver on the subject; a few earnest people carry on agitation for effective measures but do not agree among themselves as to what those measures should be. As for the world in any general sense—it is neither fighting nor excited. Meanwhile this insidious addiction spreads and spreads through all the layers in the fabric of society. And it will go on and grow steadily worse and more menacing, until that world wakes up to its peril and begins to regard and treat these drugs with the same fear-inspired vigor and intelligence as it applies to epidemics of cholera and typhus.

Colonel Woods has some familiarity with the subject from his service as American assessor with the League of Nations Opium Advisory Committee, and as police commissioner of New York City. He knows broadly what he is talking about, and in a compact form has stated all that the ordinary person needs to know to understand the general nature of the problem. He is not illuminating on the subject of remedies—he doesn't try to be—but he does state clearly the essentials of the world's task, when it wakes up to it:

"First, each nation on the face of the earth . . . must confine the making and distributing of narcotics within its borders to medical and scientific needs; second, each nation must make resolutely certain that all narcotics entering its borders or leaving its borders are kept under unfailing control, the transfer of drugs from one country to another being so rigorously supervised that they cannot wander from the straight and narrow path.

"The difficulty is almost insuperable, because:

"One nation can have the world at its mercy. It can make huge profits for some of its citizens, and can comfortably enrich its own coffers. To achieve this, all it need do is fail to control the manufacture and distribution of narcotic drugs within its territory. The smuggler will do the rest."

There it is in a nutshell. That is what is happening all over the world. There cannot be too many books on the subject. Colonel Woods has contributed a pretty good one.

PLANT LIFE THROUGH THE AGES. By A. C. SEWARD. Macmillan. 1931. $10.

An exposition of "the nature of the documents from which geologists have compiled a history of the earth, or at least such scraps of history as can be written from the material that is available; . . . some account of the methods employed in the interpretation of the documents," and a presentation "in language that is not unnecessarily untechnical of a summary of the more interesting results obtained from records of the rocks which throw light on the development of the plant world." A volume which, despite the technical nature of its content, is written with sufficient ease of style to engage the interest of the layman.

HOW TO BE INTERESTING. By ROBERT E. ROGERS. Boston: Page. 1931.

Mr. Rogers describes his volume as "a little book of platitudes for folks in general, including educators and students." It is that, and a presentation of concrete suggestions to the prospective platform speaker or radio broadcaster as to the manner and method best calculated to arouse and sustain the interest of his hearers.

THE WORLD AND THE NEW TESTAMENT. By T. R. GLOVER. Macmillan. 1931. $2.

This excellent book by an English scholar surveys on a basis of wide historical knowledge the general characteristics of the Mediterranean world in which the New Testament was born. It might equally well be termed a brief interpretative history of civilization at the time of Christ.

THE EVOLUTION OF ENGLAND: A Commentary on the Facts. By JAMES A. WILLIAMSON. New York: Oxford Press. 1931. $6.

The author of "Sir John Hawkins" and "Builders of the Empire" has here written a one-volume survey of English history from the beginning to date. As described, it is a commentary rather than a chronological study. A valuable and very readable book.

Travel

PORTO RICO: CARIBBEAN ISLE. By R. J. VAN DEUSEN and E. K. VAN DEUSEN. Holt. 1931. $3.50.

"This is a complete history of Porto Rico from the earliest days to the present moment, written by two people who have lived on the Island for years and who have been intimately associated with many phases of the life there." The book contains maps and a bibliography and surveys not only the history of the Island but political, social, religious, cultural, and educational aspects of life in Porto Rico, and concludes with a bibliography. A very useful book for people who are interested in Porto Rico. It stresses the results of the American occupation.

THE BON VOYAGE BOOK. By "OLD SALT." Day. 1931.

"An intimate guide for the modern ocean traveller" containing much matter of practical value bearing upon ship routine and customs together with information regarding European travel, hotels, money, and vocabularies. A useful and convenient book.

"A glowing portrait of a great Microbe Hunter"
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"A fascinating story of scientific adventures in many lands — more dangerous than hunting wild animals. I have advised my friends to read it."
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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

J. L. J., Pawtucket, R. I., says that Christopher Morley intimates that his "Hussie and Hussier" in the Saturday Review *was taken from a work by Bataille entitled, "Causes Criminelles et Mondaines," and wants to know whether it is a veritable publication and if so, where a copy may be obtained.*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY says, "God help us! I haven't the slightest idea. I also have had a lot of inquiries. They are very rare books. Only a French bookseller could give any suggestions."

Sometimes I think that the "last infirmity of noble minds" is no mere Miltonic lust for fame, but the pure joy of possessing a book nobody else can get. Broadly speaking, of course; there is always the kind human chance that they may come upon a copy as you did—sun-tanned in a bin along the Seine, lurking in some dim provincial bookshop, or more simply as an item in a catalogue in the morning's mail. I wonder how many Americans reached for their checkbooks on learning from No. 824 of "Sotheran's Price Current of Literature," that luxuriously pictured pamphlet from Piccadilly, that a "quite perfect set" of N. Heideloff's "Gallery of Fashion" had come up for sale, *with all of the engraved titles* (9) and 217 magnificent colored aquatint plates containing 362 figures of FEMALE COSTUME, *many being heightened with gold and silver*; 9 vols. roy. 4to. bound in 8, *contemporary marbled calf newly and handsomely rebacked* (excessively rare), £325—note the sweep of the typographical crescendo and decrescendo. Someone bought it, no doubt; I hope it was someone who could not quite afford it, who could feel the sweet sting of sacrifice. I don't know where Mr. Morley found his lucky-bag of crime; I only hope he goes on dipping into it for our benefit.

A fine compliment has just caromed off Mr. Morley into this department. "The *S. R. L.* is my pet magazine," says P. E., Fair Haven, Vermont, "but it's only fair to tell you that I turn to the Reader's Guide second. Not till I've read the Bowling Green!" And *L. J. P., Hornell, N. Y.*, says that her young son is happy because "an English friend made and brought to him a parcel of real sausage rolls, which he had been longing to taste since we read 'The Bastable Children.' They are *good*. Now if Christopher Morley would tell us where to buy some ginger beer, and I know he would if he could, our joy would be complete." When I was a very young reporter and came down to the office one cold and foggy morning with a wad of copy, there in the steamy window of a shop in a Jersey slum I saw a sign, "Genuine Melton Mowbray Pork Pies." Beyond that dingy pane lay my first, my very first pork pie. I can feel at this moment the thrill with which my soul coursed along my alimentary canal. "Dickens!" thought I: and in two minutes there I was at a deal table surrounding the "Pickwick Papers." So a sausage roll *per se* may not be so much—indeed I avoid them in Chelsea—but by way of the Bastables what a beautiful food they must be! And this further reminds me that Mrs. Doris Langley Moore, Norfolk Lodge, Norfolk-road, Harrogate, England, is writing the biography of the late "E. Nesbit" (Mrs. Hubert Bland till 1917, when she became Mrs. T. T. Tucker) and would count herself much indebted to any who can communicate any recollections likely to be of interest to her admirers. And this again reminds me that Coward-McCann will bring out another big Nesbit collection in the early fall. And this reply reminds me of a paragraph in a thesaurus; let us start another.

K. C., Cambridge, Mass., asks for a few books that tell of the history of old Boston and its most romantic places of the present day.

THE latest book is "And This Is Boston!" by Eleanor Early (Houghton Mifflin) and a grand good book it is, strong in history but not a bit weak in showing you around the city of today, its suburbs and its shores. Houghton Mifflin also publishes "Recreation in and about Boston," by the Prospect Union Association, and "Old Park Street," by R. M. Lawrence, and E. F. Payne's "Dickens Days in Boston," which has a double application and usefulness. The first of this special kind of Boston books, so far as I know, was "Old Boston Days and Ways," by Mary C. Crawford (Little, Brown), a fascinating big volume lately brought out in a new edition; since then the same author wrote "Romantic Days in Old Boston" (Little, Brown). Little, Brown also publishes De Wolfe Howe's "Memories of a Hostess," and his "Boston Common," and "Rambles around Old Boston," by E. M. Bacon, who also made a guide-book to the city and its suburbs (Phillips). "Boston in Seven Days," by C. R. Athern (McBride), is a handy guide to sights and shops; the Woman's City Club there also issues a pamphlet on where to shop and to stop. R. S. Shackleton's "Book of Boston" (Penn) is large, interesting, and well illustrated; there is even a book for children, published by the same house, "Father Takes Us to Boston," by Grace Humphrey. I suppose I should write a book, "I Took Mother to Boston," for that is just what I successfully did last summer, only it was Boston, Lincs., and for that ancient city of the fens you need Mary Lambert's "Old Boston" (Houghton Mifflin). My Massachusets mother loved old Boston, where the lanes are so narrow that three of them went through the ground floor of our hotel, traffic and all.

"YOUR list of novels of less than 200 pages," says *L. R. Norman, Oklahoma*, "should include two that have been as outstanding in my mind as those of Robert Nathan. They are 'The Lover,' by Naomi Royde-Smith, published by Harper, and "Neosho,' by Altha Leah Bass, published by Burton, Kansas City. Both stand the stern test of being read aloud, and then bear rereading, as a little reading group here have proved." *S. T. B., Ballard Vale, Mass.*, adds to the list on standards of living in America a book just out, Eliot's "American Standards and Planes of Living" (Ginn). He says "it is a compilation of extracts from many books and articles, arranged under the different aspects of the subject, for the use of college students; it is a big, fat book, the price is five dollars, and there is a lot of meat in it." *M. C. C., Richmond, Va.*, has noted several recent allusions here to "the Findlater sisters and their interesting books, but no one mentions Jane Findlater's remarkable book 'A Ladder to the Stars': are you familiar with this, unfortunately long out of print? Her delineation of character, notably her unforgettable portraits of the Pillar family, is excelled in my opinion by one writer only, Mary Cholmondeley. I do hope you know this book, rich with humor and a deep understanding of human nature." But I don't; we don't know the Findlaters here as we should; their books are treasures, and this is a treasure I missed. *E. F. R., Painesville, Ohio*, tells the inquirer for a story about textiles suitable for a puppet play to try two Grimm stories, "The Twelve Brothers" and "The Six Swans," two variants of a common folk-story; "in the first, spinning is incidental, in the second the heroine must make six shirts of aster-flowers. One remembers also Penelope, wife of Odysseus, who beguiled her importunate suitors by ravelling at night what she wove by day. Besides in the Odyssey Circe weaves webs as well as spells, and in the Iliad Helen at Troy weaves a tapestry with figures of Trojans and Greeks. Also there is Arachne, turned into a spider because she dared match her skill as weaver with the goddess Pallas Athene. Any of these could serve as basis of a puppet play; in fact, one with imagination could build some charming puppet material out of Goodrich's 'Mountain Homespun' (Yale Press), although the book is not designed for such use." The four young ladies of Beaver Dam to whom advice on short novels is offered above, would have found their choice simplified, according to a correspondent from Northwestern University, Illinois, by Arthur H. Nethercot's anthology, "A Book of Long Stories" (Macmillan). In addition to eight or nine hundred pages of long story material it has a bibliography of long stories and short novels. *J. E. H., Tucson, Arizona*, says my list of books on transcontinental travel is noteworthy because it leaves out "Roads to Roam," by Hoffman Birney (Penn), and tells me by all means to read it. "Something tells me," he says, "that this inquirer's western horizon is bounded by the Hudson River. A trip directly across the continent, by any one of main highways, is a very prosaic affair. One must leave those highways to find things worth while, and Birney's book takes the reader to the side roads with notable success and a complete lack of guide-book aridity." He adds that he thinks this writer's fiction the least overdrawn of that of any Western writer; librarians please note.

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By MICHAEL SADLEIR

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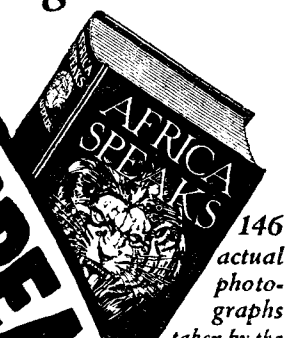

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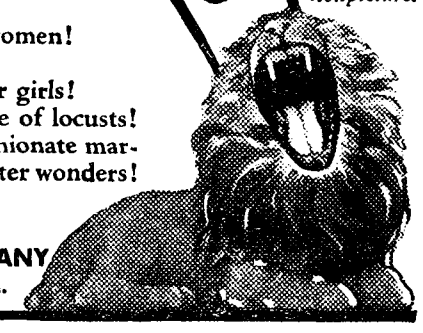

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A Letter from France

By KATHARINE ULRICH

THE first professional catalogue of rare children's books was published in Paris this winter. Also the largest collection ever made of those increasingly rare items now completely fills three rooms on the Rue de Richelieu. Not only are the books there, but likewise early prints and some original drawings by famous illustrators, games, toy-books, amusing, hand-carved gingerbread moulds, those fragile and delicate *boites de baptême* miraculously preserved, and even a charming tea service for the young, a relic of the Directoire period, each piece decorated with a picture of well-behaved children at play.

I set out to find Gumuchian and Company on the Rue de Richelieu, for both catalogue and collection are due to their zeal and represent the result of seven years of diligent work. The fact that the Ford and I were arrested by a handsome policeman for a minor traffic misdemeanor may have destroyed my faith in French gallantry but it also heightened the general excitement of the morning.

It is truly an exciting experience just to "discover" the catalogue. The two large volumes, demi-quarto, are printed on fine paper. The one of text lists over 6,000 items, the other contains fascinating reproductions, many in color, of bindings, frontispieces, title pages, etc. The foreign books are described in French, the English and American in English. Paul Pavault has written the French preface. But there is also a gracious introduction in English.

For the non-collector-minded the titles and sub-titles in the text offer beautiful commentary on the children's "Dark Ages." The early eighteen hundreds had an especial flare for instructive subjects and, to say the least, ingenious titles: "The New Children's Friend, or Pleasing Incitements to Wisdom and Virtue," "Mamma's Gift, containing the Stories of the Little Liar, the Disobedient Girl, the White Goat . . ." or "Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales, Published for the Amusement of all those Little Masters and Misses who, by Duty to their Parents, and Obedience to their Superiors, aim at Becoming Great Lords and Ladies." In the light of our present-day knowledge, how did the young survive innoculations of such literature?

The two volume catalogue may be had for 400 francs which sum was not in my pocket at the moment. But disappointment must have been all too evident in my face, for the kindly gentleman at my elbow suggested quickly that I might like to see the book collection itself. Whereupon a boy was summoned from the inner recesses of the establishment to guard the front door, and we left the ground floor store with its closely crowded shelves of leather bound books. Out back we went, across a court, through another door, then into the inevitable minute and halting elevator whose tiny swinging doors administer such unexpected spanks. On the top floor we turned and twisted through innumerable old hallways. My pleasant guide finally stopped, produced a key and we entered—not the confused attic-like place the rambling approach led me to expect, but a low ceilinged, modern apartment of three rooms. The walls were lined with bookshelves which housed this huge collection of children's rarities carefully classified and ranged in perfect order. Most of the books presented the shiny new leather backs of their protective cases and slip covers. On tables and chairs spread the overflow. In spite of the orderliness the spectacle was bewildering to my unpracticed eye.

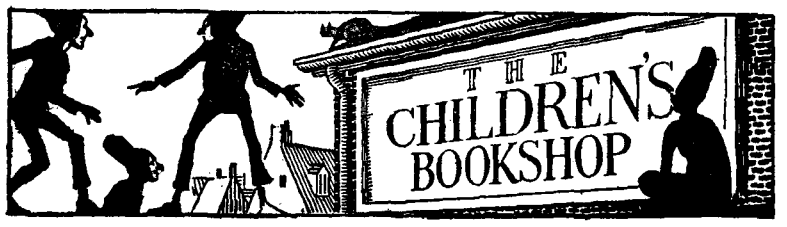
A tour of inspection followed, however. We moved from shelf to shelf to examine the many and varied evidences of so many other childhoods. We looked at Chapbooks, New England Primers, a Seventeenth Century Latin ABC which measures no more than an inch and a half by two, and at the French books of the Romantic period with their valentine-like bindings and soft, hand-colored illustrations, mute testimony to the ever perfect deportment of France's youth. No such delicacies could survive Anglo-Saxon handling.

I learned in the course of conversation that most of the collection had been purchased from private libraries — salvaged from forgotten corners no doubt—and also something of the difficulties involved in making a catalogue of old children's books. Comparatively few are preserved due to the destructive tendencies of the young, and heretofore books for young persons were considered of such minor importance that their appearances and disappearances were hardly worthy of note. Hence it is a complicated matter not only to find the books but to gather the necessary clarifying data. "Felissa, or the Life and Opinions of a Kitten of Sentiment" is an example. Quite recently the authorship was attributed to Charles Lamb, which attribution suddenly places the value of a "first" of "Felissa" at 6,500 francs.

An amusing and very French, first edition of our very native classic by Harriet Beecher Stowe, "La Case de l'Oncle Tom," stood side by side with the American original. A nice sense of international freedom pervades these rooms. Two big, friendly books, the bound issues of *St. Nicholas* for 1885-1886 containing the earliest appearance of "Little Lord Fauntelroy" made me eager to search through my own home library. Those relics of another generation were great sick-day companions in my youth. A copy of the first edition and issue of "Huckleberry Finn" prompted the story of a "find." In Bordeaux a similar copy was casually purchased the other day for two francs. The fortunate buyer, however, was unaware of his good luck until he saw the Gumuchian catalogue.

It is, of course, impossible to mention here the numerous rare items we handled with much reverence. But I do want to point out that the collection includes many volumes, delightful and delicious examples of their age, which are not at all expensive and well worth the attention of everyone who is interested in children's books.

For the benefit of persons like myself who do not always have sixteen dollars at hand for a luxurious catalogue, one can have an issue of the text only, not so handsome, to be sure, but with the reading matter complete, for fifteen francs.



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

THE TALKING BIRD. An Aztec Story Book. By IDELLA PURNELL and JOHN M. WEATHERWAX. Illustrated by FRANCES PURNELL DEHLSEN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MARK VAN DOREN

THIS children's book accomplishes at least three good purposes. It tells stories which children will like to hear; it opens up, by doing so, the large and beautiful world of Aztec lore; and it is an introduction to contemporary Mexico. For these three reasons, and chiefly, of course, for the first, I am sure that it is valuable. But leaving reasons aside, and putting children for the moment out of mind, I can say also that I believe the book will intensely interest anyone who reads it. For he will feel it as well as read it; he will be conscious of more in it than meets the demand he ordinarily makes upon a book of tales.

By arranging that all of the tales which compose the body of the book shall be told to a little Mexican boy by his Mexican grandfather, and by approaching each tale through a typical event in the boy's daily life, the authors manage to make that life, which in itself is set forth as typical, quite as interesting as it is clear, quite as warm as it is—I take it—true. Miss Purnell, who has spent twenty years in Guadalajara where Little Paco lives, has made at least one of her readers very much at home in a *patio;* has rendered the sunlight on the bricks, the flowers in their gay pots, the animals here and there, the voices of the children and the old people, simply, directly, and with only enough remoteness to make the place utterly charming while it remains perfectly creditable. The odors of the town when Little Paco goes out, the clothes, the horses, and the foods—these crowd in upon one's attention during those moments which precede the telling of a tale full of magic and old morality, of princes and bewitched young maidens.

The tales themselves seem older than the man who tells them; yet he is very old, and very gentle. He is didactic, too. He concludes each narrative with a sermon to his grandson about the virtues of love and goodness of heart. Such sermons can be deadly. His are not. For he has told his tales in such a way that the moral is already explicit—the cruelty of a Tiger Prince, the selfishness of an Aztec king have been nicely balanced against the brave kindness of a mistreated hero, against the loving heart of a miraculous princess whose end has been, perhaps, her transformation into a little white dove. So when the sermon comes it is not out of place. The whole book is its setting, since the whole book is instinct with a love of love. It is surely rare that a book for children these days, or any other days, has the power to make virtue attractive. This one makes it lovely.

THE OPEN DOOR TO POETRY. By ANNE STOKES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $1.

Reviewed by MARY GRAY

THIS is a new anthology of "tested" poems modern and ancient for children in the middle years of childhood. It is collected by a southern woman with a great love for good poetry which she has had considerable success in communicating to groups of children she has taught in Greenville, Mississippi.

In a compact volume of three hundred odd pages of good print and paper, she gives us much fresh material from contemporary poets like Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Eleanor Farjeon, Rabindranath Tagore, and less well known poems from older poets like Emily Dickinson and William Morris, as well as many "old favorites." The subject matter is of great variety to fit the wide range of children's tastes and moods, from the fanciful poems about fairies and flowers, animals and stars, through Christmas carols and psalms of the beauty of the earth; poems of historical incidents like Hervey Allen's "Lafayette Leads" and Thackeray's "Pocahontas"; poems of the ideas of life like Kipling's "If," Sill's "Opportunity," and a section of ballads; also, three psalms dealing with man and God. As to omissions, the editor tells us that she has purposely left out purely didactic verse without poetic merit, dialect poems, love poems, and, with a few exceptions those dealing with the subject of death.

We think that any one struggling with the education of a fun-loving boy would be delighted to introduce him to this volume through the quaint humor of Belloc's "Frog," or Emily Dickinson's "Railway Train," or Robert Graves's "Star-Talk," where in answer to the question "How is your trade, Aquarius?" that constellation replies, "Complaints are many and various." We think no boy could resist this, and if the volume were then left on his table, he might go on with the Robin Hood poems to Shelley's "Clodd" and some of the serious poems mentioned above, though he would not like you to read these aloud first, for fear of breaking down his newly acquired masculine ideal of scoffing at all emotion except the aggressive and belligerent.

A FIFTH FOR THE KING. By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS. Harpers. 1931. $2.

HERE is a tale of the Spanish discovery of Yucatan and of the Amazon. The author quite evidently knows the early Spanish sources, and has seen the country she describes. Starting in Spain fifteen years after Cortes had conquered Mexico, the story tells of a boy shipping as a stowaway in search of a brother who had previously gone to the New World. Needless to say, they do not meet until near the end of the book. In between there is indeed adventure—pirates, shipwrecks, and dangerous natives and dangerous Spaniards. The story is a good one, and ought to interest any boy; there is firm historical background behind it all.

The Fireside Kitten

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

THE ashes in the fire stir
Their flakes of twisting gossamer,
The curving flamelets hiss and purr,
And round and bright,
Yellow and wise
Grow the attentive kitten's eyes
With the soft heat upon his fur.
Soberly, so soberly,
He stares himself to ecstacy,
A little fire-worshiper—
To ecstacy the andirons share
With great-globed, never-shifting stare,
Hung high above him in the air.

THE SECRET OF THE RANCHO DEL SOL. By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

ALTHOUGH the publisher's announcement of this book discreetly ignores the fact, we have a notion that "The Secret of the Rancho del Sol" was written primarily for girls. If this is so, we congratulate the young ladies on having access to one of the best boys' stories that we have read for a long time. Which is only another way of saying that a good story for boys is a good story for the whole family—be they juveniles of seven or seventy.

It is refreshing on occasion to pick up a book that has the Maytime flavor of life through its pages. What if the turns in fortune be a little too convenient to bear analysis, or the heroes be only once removed from haloed saints, or the villains of a trifle too inky a blackness? Such stories are the very stuff of which folklore is woven, and their casts of characters are symbols of worth and dishonor made flesh for the spiritual nourishment of immaturity. As we grow older we also grow out of our desire for a steady diet of cakes and sugarplums, but there come times when it is a good thing to suck on a stick of candy and sweeten our breath for a season.

Not that "The Secret of the Rancho del Sol" is an anemic confection. If it were it would be a book to which boys would not give more than a second glance. There are too many spurs jangling through its pages, and too many Indians with poisoned arrows, and too much hidden, if not precisely buried, treasure to permit a charge that it is saccharine or syrupy. It is merely wholesome and ingenuous, and therein lies one of its charms, the other being a style lucid and of a fine distinction that is seldom met in stories of this *genre*.

The scene is one that has seldom been used for just this type of story: the "splendid, idle 'forties" in California, before the gringo came. No other period in any state's history gives quite the scope for romantic treatment. Gallantry, hospitality, courage—all these qualities the traditional caballero of the ranchos of early California possessed, or was assumed to possess, in goodly measure. Whether this generalization be unwarranted is beside the point. There are gallant gentlemen in any background, and Hildegarde Hawthorne is quite within her rights to have given only very amiable weaknesses to her Castilian lords of the herd. She has had the courage to make some of her Americans as human as they often are, instead of endowing them with all the virtues with which so many native writers for the young are wont to endow them. Mexican bandits are the rule in most stories of pre-American California, so that it is refreshing to find this time a tale in which both the desperadoes and the villain are citizens of the U. S. A. The chief charge against juvenile literature is that it is so often partisan. It took us years to recover from the conviction that the horrific personage in any tale of the American Revolution must of necessity be a Hessian or a Tory.

The womenkind in "The Rancho del Sol" are as charming as is needful, and they laugh prettily behind fans and listen to the serenades of cavaliers beneath their windows. Only the old grandmother of the rancho is grave and somber. But we have an affection for her in spite of her sternness and when she takes to her bed out of sorrow at the disappearance of her grandson we cannot wait to have him come back to safety and her austere arms again.

In such a tale all must end happily, even if the way is beset with trials, and so we leave the old rancho with its roses and jessamine filled with the murmur of bees and butterflies and humming birds. And also with a note of tragic prophecy, if we be old enough to discern it. For the author says in closing: "Change would come, as change must always come. But today it was spring and fiesta at the Rancho del Sol."

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Eastern Love

EASTERN LOVE. English Versions by E. Powys Mathers. Illustrations by Franz Felix. New York: Horace Liveright. 3 vols. 1931.

THIS is a collection, in three good-sized volumes, of Oriental love lore and stories, ancient, medieval, and modern. I do not know what the originals may be like, but it seems to me that the translations —sometimes made from the originals, sometimes from French versions—go measureably far toward "avoiding the pitfalls of salaciousness and vulgarity," as the publisher asserts. The stories and aphorisms and songs include selections from Arabia, Morocco, China, Cambodia, and other lands —all as foreign in their frankness and directness to our smothered Western eroticism as could be. But much of the contents is interesting and some of it is highly humorous—though lacking something of the gorgeous humor of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments."

It has always seemed to me unfortunate that books of this sort were not better printed as a rule: there is a queer sort of furtive typography which seems to be common. The present volumes are much better in this respect. Granjon type has been used, and margins, presswork, and paper are all good.

The pictures are on the whole considerably above the average of such work, but they are not especially remarkable. The tales would stand without pictorial adornment, for as tales they possess value and interest. It seems to me that these three volumes are a collection worth having, partly, at least, because they supply a lack in the more guarded literature of the West.

R.

NO one who has the slightest reputation in any field as an authority is ever quite free from requests for lists of books dealing with his subject—it is so difficult to be sure of knowing about every publication that many persons, fearing to lose sight of something interesting, never fail to make use of their natural impulse to ask questions of their learned friends. And once a list is made out, it attracts criticism with perfect inevitability. A distinguished book collector whose private library is a joy to go over, and whose knowledge of books is founded securely upon experience and constant use of intelligence, has lately, acting upon a request from a library intended to represent, on a somewhat extended scale, the ideal of a "gentleman's" collection, recommended the following books for college undergraduates interested in the study of books:

Curle, Richard — Collecting American First Editions.

Jackson, Holbrook — The Anatomy of Bibliomania.

McKerrow, Ronald B.—Introduction to the Study of Bibliography.

Newton, A. Edward—The Amenities of Book-Collecting.

Newton, A. Edward—This Book-Collecting Game.

Rosenbach, A. S. W.—Books and Bidders.

Sawyer, C. J., and Darton, F. J. H.—English Books 1475-1900.

Williams, I. A.—Elements of Book-Collecting.

It is of course, rather pleasant to see what books have impressed this gentleman. His authors are predominantly English, as one might expect, and although the American section is particularly weak—there is no actual necessity for the inclusion of two of Mr. Newton's accounts of his own activities —the fault lies more with American writers than with the compiler of the list. The omission of Mr. John T. Winterich's excellent "Collector's Choice," by far the best work he has done, is regrettable, but such an objection is entirely personal. The McKerrow, Sawyer, and Williams volumes are obvious selections; Dr. McKerrow's work has yet to be equalled in importance; Mr. Sawyer's "English Books" remains the most satisfactory survey of English literature from the collector's point of view that has been written; and the Iolo Williams book is good. Exactly what an undergraduate would get out of Mr. Curle's study of American first editions it is impossible to say: he might become as excited about the subject as Mr. Curle intended he should, or he might as easily be bored. The book is not simple reading even for a person thoroughly accustomed to bibliographical "points." It is significant that, of the eight titles, only one was first published before 1927, Mr. Newton's "Amenities," which, in a sense, was responsible for bringing book-collecting to the attention of the public.

G. M. T.

HOW the public is enabled to buy books originally published at $2.50 or more in reprint form later at lesser prices was explained recently by the Book Publishers' Research Institute which has just completed a study of the costs in publishing a novel.

Assuming that the average number of 3,720 copies of a novel are printed and entirely disposed of, an assumption by no means warranted, the price of $2.50 of an original edition absorbs the initial expenses of publication, which are made up as follows: 14 cents for paper and printing, 17 cents for binding and wrapper, 21 cents for plates, 17 cents for advertising costs, and 39 cents for sales promotion, overhead, and other expenses. After allowing the customary discount to jobbers and retailers and the royalty of 32 cents which goes to the author, there is left a publisher's profit of only 6¾ cents.

It is noted that the above analysis of the various items entering into the cost of a novel are based on the assumption that (1) every copy of this average original edition of 3,720 copies is sold, and (2) every copy is sold through the usual wholesale and retail channels of the United States, excluding from consideration sales to foreign countries or otherwise at less than the usual wholesale price. The study indicates that approximately forty-five per cent of the new books published each year never go past the original edition; the second and subsequent editions often amount to as few as 500 copies. No allowance is made for copies which must be given away for review and as samples, which also necessarily reduce the publisher's profits.

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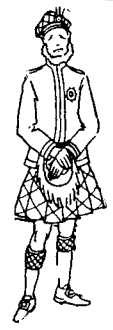

ANGUS J. MACTAVISH *paying attention to jokes told at his expense*

Among the veryclosefriends of *The Inner Sanctum* who contribute their favorite Caledonian stories to *Scotch—or It's Smart To Be Thrifty* which MAC SIMON AND MAC SCHUSTER [D. A. Numbers 119500 and 55525 respectively] release for publication [price 99 cents] Any Minute Now are

SINCLAIR LEWIS	EDDIE CANTOR
CLARENCE DARROW	LOWELL THOMAS
MANUEL KOMROFF	ROBERT L. RIPLEY
NEWMAN LEVY	WALTER WINCHELL
OGDEN NASH	RUBE GOLDBERG
HARRY HERSHFIELD	KENNETH COLLINS
WILL DURANT	PAUL HOLLISTER
J. P. MCEVOY	WILL CUPPY
MARK HELLINGER	SIDNEY SKOLSKY
KARL K. KITCHEN	WALTER B. PITKIN
FRANK BUCK	EDWARD ANTHONY
SIDNEY S. LENZ	SILAS F. SEADLER

and the Scotchman who became a Chicago gangster and took his victim for a hitch-hike . . . the bookseller in Aberdeen who married a half-wit because she was 50 off . . . the Highlander who sent his spats to the cobbler to be soled and heeled . . .

ESSANDESS.

"*It reveals*

the mind and heart of a truly noble soul whose story is . . . charmingly written."—*Philadelphia Ledger*

"A deeply moving record of personal experience, and an inspiring proof of the possibilities attainable 'when a man takes account of all the resources of his being.'"—*N. Y. Times*

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By RENÉ ROY

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What is the secret . .

It is almost impossible, wrote Basil Davenport in the *Saturday Review*, to give an idea of the quality of ROBERT NATHAN'S books to the unfortunate people who have not read them. He is unique. ¶ The essence of his work defies the publisher's advertisement. But if you, reader, have a feeling for the subtleties of literature, for poetic mockery, and the beauty of melancholy, you will be grateful to us for calling your attention to Mr. Nathan's new novel, unquestionably his finest, THE ORCHID. ¶ What is the secret, wrote Davenport, that makes this book so different from all others? Perhaps you can answer him when you have read it. Ask your bookseller for a copy. The price is $2.00.—*The Bobbs Merrill Company.*

THE ORCHID
By Robert Nathan

The PHŒNIX NEST

SITUATED as he is at the moment in the mystic mid-region of Weir, beyond the beck of publicity, the *Phœnician* must now proceed to vamp until the latest advices reach him from the publishers' far-flung battle-line. He is enjoying a slight vacation. And there seems, at the moment, little to talk about save the scenery. It is very lovely scenery, mostly green in color, and the air is scented with pine-needles. Insects and birds are making strange noises, that is, strange to a city-dweller. Pretty soon the Phœnician is going out for a walk, and may step on a snake, though he hopes not. . . .

We hope we shall get sunburned. Though if we are going to sit indoors writing a history of the universe, or something like that, we don't see how we can. Still, maybe we can find a sufficiently secluded spot to take a sunbath. And will probably get covered with pine-needles till we look like a porcupine. . . .

Here in the mountains of New Hampshire we intend to tear off a novel of great importance which will burst like a bombshell upon our startled public some time within the next fifty years or so. . . .

And apropos of nothing at all, we recently came across this epitaph, preserved in an odd volume. It is said to be preserved in Pewsey Church, Wilts:

> Here lies the body of
> Lady Looney
> Great-niece of Burke, commonly
> called the Sublime.
> She was
> bland, passionate, and deeply religious;
> also she painted in water-colours,
> and sent several pictures to the Exhibition.
> She was first cousin to Lady Jones,
> And of such is the kingdom of Heaven. . . .

But you see how difficult it is to vamp! We had better take a text and preach you a little literary sermon. What shall it be? Oh, but let's not. The weather's too warm. We wonder where *O'Reilly* is. He used to help us out. But we guess he's gone forever. We remember now. He went down to Italy and became a Black Shirt. Maybe he'll come back sometime and open a speak-easy for mice. We're sorry now that we talked crossly to him. . . .

We've got to take a walk down to the post-office to get some envelopes and stamps and all that sort of thing, so that you'll be able to read this; and yet the first consideration really is that we should give you something worth reading, which we don't seem to be able to do. Our mind is sluggish, that's what's the matter. We have been living too long in New York. . . .

The thing that always abashes us so when we get into the country is that we don't know the name of a single tree, flower, or bird. They know it, too. Don't you believe they don't know it! The trees are always swishing at us, and every bird sounds to us like a mocking-bird. We're not The Man the Trees Loved, as *Algernon Blackwood* put it. They drop a branch on us every once in a while. And the grass trips us up. . . .

Well, if we don't know any names we're going to make them up from now on. That little blue yumia bird singing its little heart out over there in that wack-wack tree is a second cousin to the tree-vole or crested pollywollydoodle. Admire how these mule-chestnuts take the afternoon sun! The meanest flower that blows—and how mean they can be—has a botanical monicker that to us is something too deep for tears. . . .

But you needn't sit here trying to be comic! Here it's three o'clock in the afternoon and you've hardly told your vast audience anything yet. You started out at nine o'clock this morning to tell them a whole lot. And then what did you do? You said you were going to commune with your soul, and the first thing you knew you were asleep. Fine kind of soul you've got, if it bores you as much as that! . . .

Well, I said, "Hello, Soul!" and it just said, "Hello!" So finally I said, "Nice day, what?" and it just said, "Oh yeah?" So finally I decided it didn't want to commune. I don't see any reason for my soul getting sulky, but if it's going to go and get sulky on me, well, I might as well have some rest until it decides to be neighborly. Anyway, I wasn't really asleep at all. I was just thinking. . . .

Oh, various things. I was thinking—. Listen, I've got to go down to the village now and get some stamps. You leave me alone, Conscience. Anyway, who asked *you* to come along on this trip. I'm doing my work, aren't I? Well, I *do* call it work. How can I know what the boys are doing in the big city, when I'm out here sitting in the middle of the woods? Anyway, don't you know how sick I am of the big city? I should think you could give a fellah a coupla days rest as to *who* is publishing *what*. . . .

Anyway, don't you suppose in Rome they were always publishing something? Well, what happened to Rome? Or Babylon? Where's *The Babylon Graphic* today? Nobody even knows there was one! See? All that fuss! The thing is to live an enlightenedly bucolic existence, all among the cows and the cowslips. There's far too much thinking going on, too, I'll tell you that. Was anybody ever a bit happier for thinking? No. What happens? You sit down and begin to think and the first thing you know you've thought of something disagreeable. Poisons your whole day. . . .

A fine life *you* must have, Conscience, always thinking up things to nag me about. I wouldn't have a disposition like that if you gave it to me. No, *sir!* What pleasure do you get out of life? I don't suppose you've had a real good hearty laugh for a coon's age. You and Soul together make a pretty team! Well, suppose I did forget my notes, what of it? They can't send you to jail for that. I will *not* lose my job either! *Won't!* Go to thunder. . . .

All right, maybe it *is* thin stuff. I suppose you spend all *your* time at the typewriter. Ha! Whoever saw *you* doing any work? All you do is to sit around and make life unpleasant for other people. Well, now I'm going down to the village and get those stamps. Well, I've got to mail this copy, haven't I? Well, suppose I *am* going to get a chocolate ice-cream soda, what business is it of yours?

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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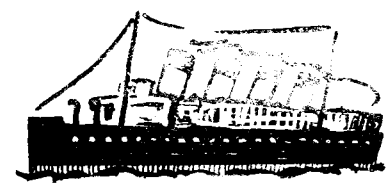
The AMEN CORNER



"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink Life to the lees"—

The Oxonian was somewhat startled to overhear Althea dramatically reciting these lines, with particular emphasis on "Life" and "lees," as she brandished a blue volume amid the quiet bookishness of the library at 114 Fifth Avenue. Althea explained that these desperate sentiments were not harbored by herself, but by a lady customer of one of her favorite bookshops, who could not start on her travels without a copy of the Oxford Tennyson,[1] and could not rest until she was assured it included "Ulysses" (which, of course, it does).

We ourselves have no great penchant for lees, but we like to travel. There is one trip especially that we have wanted to take ever since we read D. Randall MacIver's *Greek Cities in Italy and Sicily* which the Oxford University Press published the other day.

In these days of universal "tourism," as the French say, it is hard to get off the beaten track for the simple reason that nearly all tracks are beaten—or nearly so. This, however, is something different. Dr. MacIver describes the extant remains of the cities of Magna Græcia, relates the history of the towns, and tells how to get there. We love repeating the names of the cities—Cumæ, Pæstum, Velia, Hipponion, Medma, Locri, Caulonia, Croton, Ciro, Sybaris, Metapontum, Tarentum, Syracuse, Gela, Kamarina, Akragas, Selinus, Segesta, Enna.

We cannot go far without thinking of Vergil, particularly after the bimillenium which has lately been celebrated. The Oxford University Press contributed J. W. Mackail's beautiful edition of the *Aeneid*[2] with an Introduction that is a masterpiece; and *Virgil's Primitive Italy*[3] by Catharine Saunders, which we shall study before embarking. On the voyage we shall carry in our pocket Dryden's translation of the *Æneid* in the *World's Classics*.[4] Indeed, we shall always have one of these handy and delightful little volumes in our pocket. In Syracuse the magnificent Greek Theatre recalls the great tragedians Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides so wonderfully translated by Professor Gilbert Murray.[5] *Ten Greek Plays*[6] is the best collection to take with you.

This is the region from which many of the most beautiful ancient coins come, as we were reminded by J. G. Milne's illustrated book on *Greek Coinage*[7] which has just been added to the Oxford list. Another book which has confirmed us in our desire to sail the Sicilian seas and the Adriatic is Miss Richter's *Animals in Greek Sculpture*,[8] one of the most beautiful books we have ever seen. (And we see a great many).

From the Isles of Greece, it is but a step to Marathon, and thence to Persia. In *The Persians*,[9] Sir E. Denison Ross takes you on a series of journeys along the chief highways of Persia, with descriptions of the cities passed and the monuments seen. Besides, he gives the history of Persia and writes delightfully about Persian art and literature. The illustrations alone—especially one of a Persian garden—are enough to make one set out at once for this highly civilized and very aesthetic land. On the way, one can pay a few *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant* with the Hon. Robert Curzon.[10] Which reminds us of another book for those who travel with discrimination—*Monastic Life at Cluny, 910-1157*,[11] by Joan Evans, with splendid illustrations and a fascinating chapter on Art and Letters at Cluny.

Bon Voyage! And if you want to be really intelligent when the Chief Engineer shows you over the ship read *The Romance of a Modern Liner*,[12] by Capt. E. G. Diggle. It is the life story of the *Aquitania*—that "floating palace of the High Seas"—written by her commander.

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book of the Month: *Greek Cities in Italy and Sicily*, by D. Randall MacIver, $5.

(1) *Oxford Standard Authors*. $1.50. Send for complete list. (2) $7.00. (3) $3.00. (4) 80 cents each. Send for complete list. (5) Each play, $1.25. (6) $3.50. (7) $2.25. (8) $10.00. (9) $2.00. (10) *Oxford Miscellany Series*. $1.25. (11) $5.00. (12) $2.50.